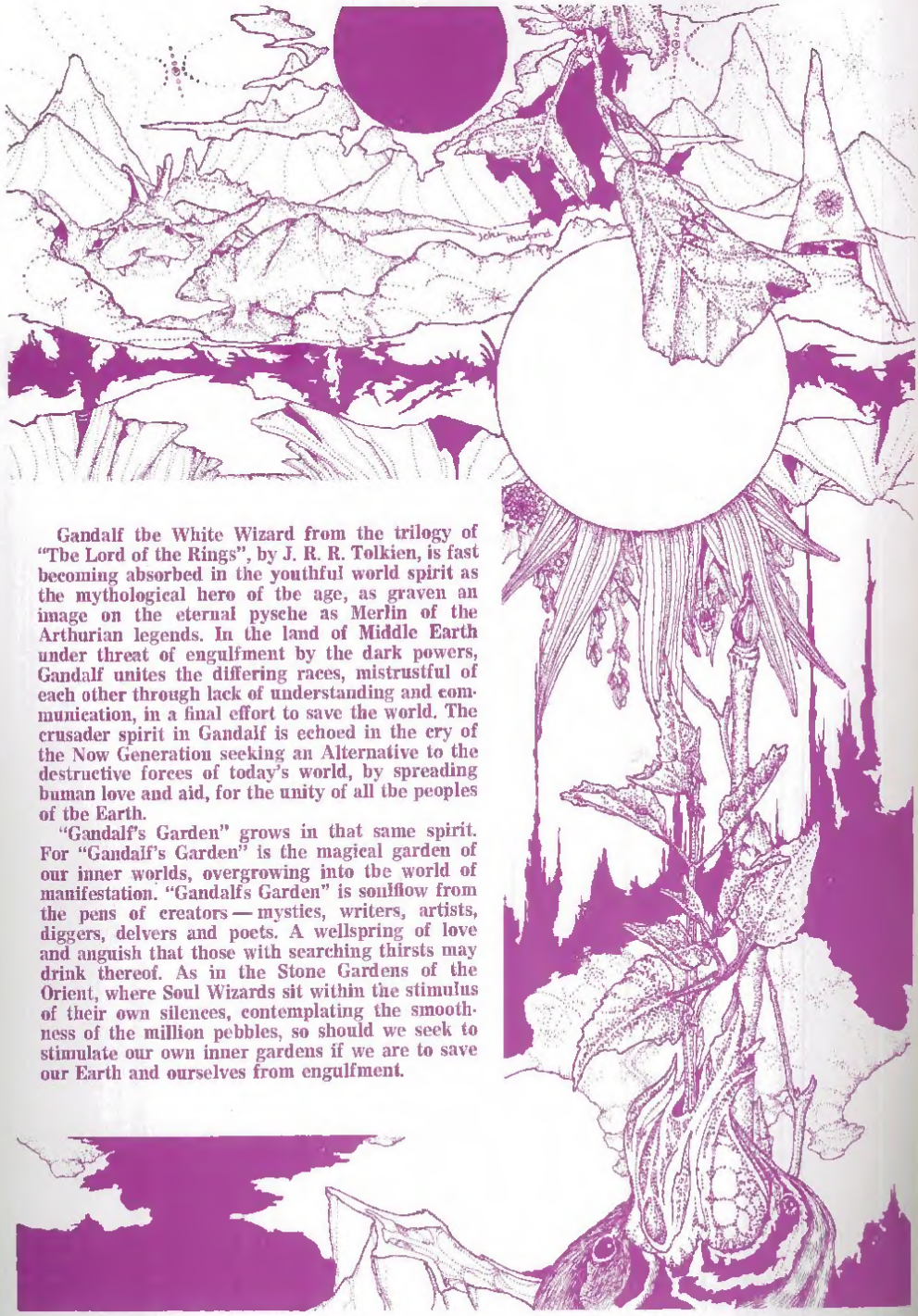
A New World grows beneath the snows of

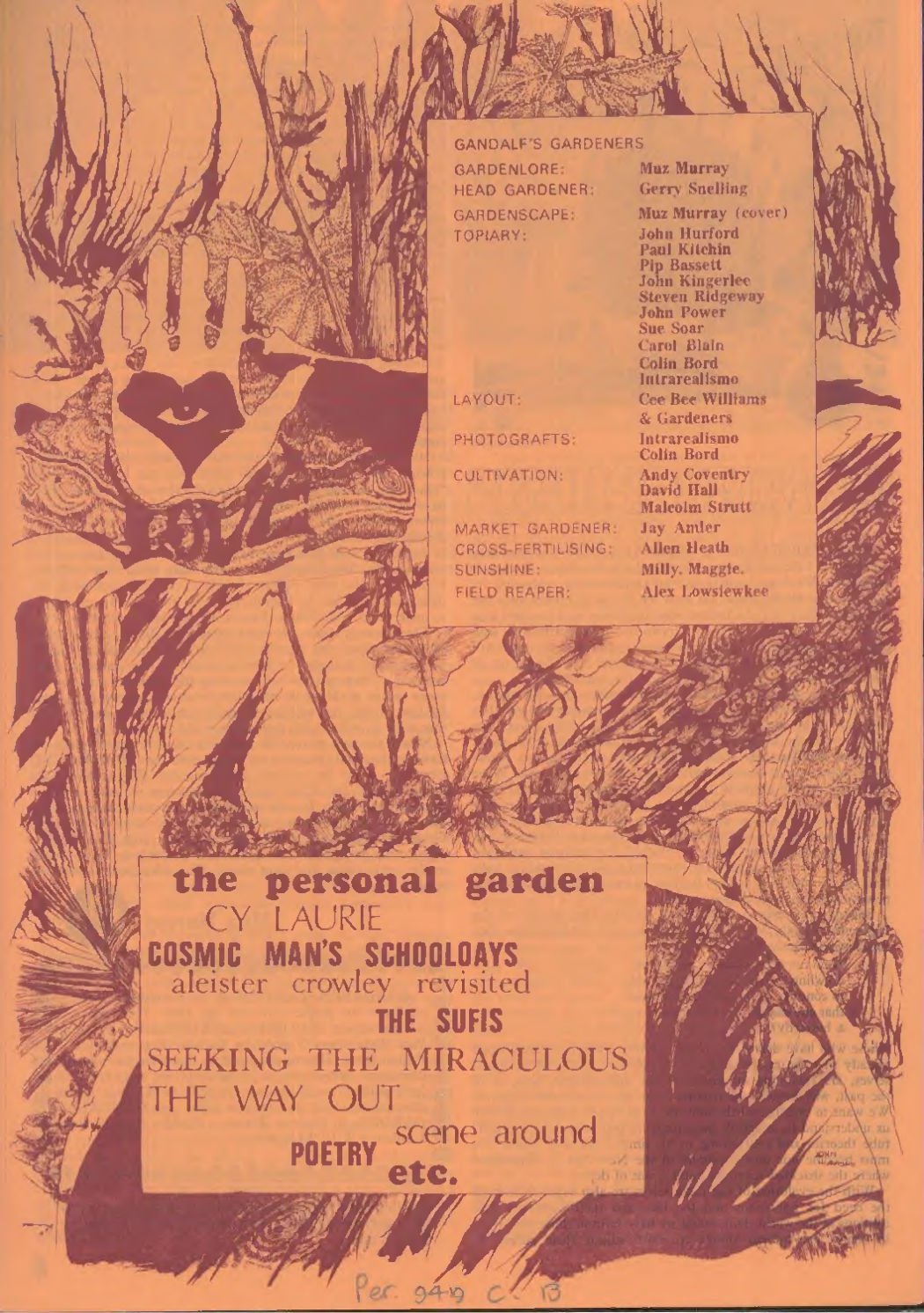
Gandalf's Garden

3/-



Gandalf the White Wizard from the trilogy of "The Lord of the Rings", by J. R. R. Tolkien, is fast becoming absorbed in the youthful world spirit as the mythological hero of the age, as graven an image on the eternal psyche as Merlin of the Arthurian legends. In the land of Middle Earth under threat of engulfment by the dark powers, Gandalf unites the differing races, mistrustful of each other through lack of understanding and communication, in a final effort to save the world. The crusader spirit in Gandalf is echoed in the cry of the Now Generation seeking an Alternative to the destructive forces of today's world, by spreading human love and aid, for the unity of all the peoples of the Earth.

"Gandalf's Garden" grows in that same spirit. For "Gandalf's Garden" is the magical garden of our inner worlds, overgrowing into the world of manifestation. "Gandalfs Garden" is soulflow from the pens of creators — mystics, writers, artists, diggers, delvers and poets. A wellspring of love and anguish that those with searching thirsts may drink thereof. As in the Stone Gardens of the Orient, where Soul Wizards sit within the stimulus of their own silences, contemplating the smoothness of the million pebbles, so should we seek to stimulate our own inner gardens if we are to save our Earth and ourselves from engulfment.



GANDALF'S GARDENERS

GARDENLORE:	Muz Murray
HEAD GARDENER:	Gerry Snelling
GARDENSCAPE:	Muz Murray (cover)
TOPIARY:	John Hurford Paul Kitchin Pip Bassett John Kingerlee Steven Ridgeway John Power Sue Soar Carol Blain Colin Bord Intrarealismo
LAYOUT:	Cee Bee Williams & Gardeners
PHOTOGRAFTS:	Intrarealismo Colin Bord
CULTIVATION:	Andy Coventry David Hall Malcolm Strutt
MARKET GARDENER:	Jay Amler
CROSS-FERTILISING:	Allen Heath
SUNSHINE:	Milly. Maggie.
FIELD REAPER:	Alex Lowslewkee

the personal garden

CY LAURIE

COSMIC MAN'S SCHOOLOAYS

aleister crowley revisited

THE SUFIS

SEEKING THE MIRACULOUS

THE WAY OUT

POETRY scene around **etc.**

Per 949 C 13

METAMORPHOSIS

THE OVERGROUND IS HERE AT LAST! We have been seeking the Celestial Society and found the first Humans already among us. We have discovered Soul Gardeners in profusion, yet isolated over all the globe. At least ten thousand minds, thus far, have discovered us! And those who are meant to know will find their way to Gandalf's Garden, drawn by vibrations in tune with their own sensitivity. Those who feel it growing in them will rest awhile between the leaves and sense the New World on its way. The Mordor minds will toss us in the nearest bin.

But gentle mind-power has set an irreversible course in motion. Our thoughts will grow together on a common Earth. For stimulating growth within the meadows of many minds has always been the cause of progress in the world, in fields where Man has trodden truly in a search for truth. But it is only *Open-mind* power which has ever moved the world to any value. When the same thought awakens in a million evolving minds, that same idea makes a mental imprint on the psychesphere of this planet, and the world begins to slowly move in that direction. Thoughts are catching in the individual cells of the new World Brain. Except in those Grey Parts so blocked the message can't get through. It has always been the shuttered cynic minds which have held the Golden Age at bay, for fear of mental freedom, for fear new thoughts may blow their minds.

Sneering, if only in the mind, is but the refuge of the frightened and the lost, afraid to admit, even to themselves, that they have no idea where it's at. But then:

> How can you expect a caterpillar
> crawling around his cabbageworld,
> to conceive in his cabbagefed mind
> that one day he will turn into
> a butterfly?

Those who have delved the *Dawn of Magic* will have understood already that the mystic and the man-in-the-street, that is, themselves, are travelling far ahead in the mind-realms, now, as in the past, way beyond the narrow scope of the orthodox scientist. We want to understand the universe as it is, not as he would have us understand it, weighed, measured, warped to fit accepted test-tube theories and conforming to his limited material vision. We must become our own explorers of the New Age in dimensions where the shackled scientific mind is out of depth.

With the evolution of our inner selves we also begin to outstrip the need for politicians and the like, and their blinkered conceptions of the world. How could we have faith in those who allow so many anti-human things to exist within their sphere of influence? How could we even think of *voting* for those who are less aware than ourselves of what "being alive" really means? Do they even consider the mysteries of life, the karmic laws of cause and effect in the soulspheres, positive thought-power in the ether, or any of the cosmic subtleties which affect every action of our lives? If they did, society would not be as twisted in its values and insane as it is today. Only the blind follow the blind. O Man, awake to your condition! Beware of Lemming Fever.

We are our own politicians. Our own networks are forming. The life-style of the soul rose from its UNDERGROUND roots with the spring sap, burst through the UPGROUND layers of Grey-world matter and opened out into the celestial bloom of the OVERGROUND. This season of its seeds spreads floating messages on love waves over all the Earth. The NOW GENERATION is the Ambassador of Love, cross-fertilising all the young in soul around our planet.

On the edge of the Aquarian Age we are drawing into the swing of great cosmic events. The long awaited long-lost Dawn of Consciousness is at last glimmering in the minds of New Age Man-to-Come. Something is happening to the Planetary Consciousness and you don't even know it, do you Mr. Jones? Something is happening in your children Mrs. Jones, and they are asking for their world back. You have had it long enough. What can they mean? O ask your leaders, Mrs. Jones. But they won't know either, because their thoughts are obsolete before they even reach their mouths. How can we tell you if you can't see it for yourself?

Has Man become so mind and soul humbled, that governmental policies take precedence in his mind over his inner ability of "knowing" his own life-style by the *God-ness* of his being? If we have no depth of our own, we become numbed by the laws of others and can see no further. But as we begin to utilise our deepest soul resources, we become laws unto ourselves. This is as it should be. It is Man's natural heritage. Too long has he been brainwashed into forgetfulness. But Man-made law will not become obsolete until we can rise above it; until each of us can understand and live by Cosmic Law. To understand ourselves, is to understand what Cosmic Law is, and the joy of adhering to it.

The visionary, Jesus, his mind beyond imagination, transcended Man-made laws even when he was "tried" by them. Small wonder he was heard to mutter: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do". They still don't know. And still they are doing it. To every one of us. If we do not know, or obey, our own inner laws, the laws of life, then we become wholly subject to the petty laws of men with shrivelled souls and no inner *Gardens* growing.

Now is the time to KNOW and GROW. You are not alone. At least ten thousand Outsiders are tuning in to the OVERGROUND vibrations. Make the numbers grow each day. Help anyone make it any way you can. Close up the gaps between the isolated. Turn on a straight a day. It's the only way to live your dreams in this life. Leave no stony heart unturned on. The ways of *Gandalf's Garden* are our life-style. We hope they are yours. Pass on your copy to the first person who looks as if he needs it. Begin NOW to live your vision and your world. The OVERGROUND has come!

Muz Murray

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ANY LETTER RECEIVED BY THIS MAGAZINE MAY BE USED FOR PUBLICATION UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED.

Throughout the fifties the wild moan of CY LAURIE'S "blue-hot" clarinet and New Orleans stomping jazz-style set the scene for many a bohemian rave at his Jazz Club in Gt. Windmill St., London. Suddenly Cy mysteriously disappeared without a trace to the consternation of trad jazz fans all over Britain. He gave up his Jazz Band in full swing, a country cottage and town house, three cars, and a successful theatrical agency, and vanished into the blue. Why? And to where? Cy, the son of a London watchmaker, had gone to seek timelessness in the Himalayas, silently spirited away by an unknown Indian mystic, who, eight years later returned to bag the Beatles in a welter of sound.

"I must confess it is taking me some time to adapt myself again to living an involved jazz life," said Cy during a midnight interview at *Gandalf's Garden*, ("I find this time of night more congenial for deeper things," says Cy) "and I am trying to keep my playing down to two or three nights a week. Most of my time is taken up with meditation, writing and personal studies. It's not easy to adapt 'horizontally' and still try to live 'vertically', if you get what I mean. But there has to be a way. At present I am working on this. How best to organise and utilise our inner life constructively for efficient living.

"There are so many demands and pulls when you are mixing with people who are not inclined towards these sort of things. And there's no kind of outer stimulation. I find people at various stages of interest in self-awareness, but they need the help of continuous stimulation, because as soon as they get to mixing back in the 'vibrations' they were in before, they tend to let slip a lot of what they have gathered. There are so many outward horizontal pulls, which sometimes detracts from one's inner vertical efforts.

"But I am very interested in what's going on, what's happening around the scene. This idea is quite new to me, about young people today turning towards mysticism, although I became interested in my early twenties. I am beginning to mix more with people like that now, but I haven't quite got the feel of the scene yet."

"I first met Maharishi Mahesh Yogi when he was over here in 1960 and spent a lot of time with him. Then we later travelled together on lecture tours of Europe and India, at the same time looking for a site for the Academy of Meditation, where a hand-picked group could be trained to initiate others. So I got I think, a fair idea of his system, which was basically his form of meditation and the philosophy behind it. For me it was a time of experimentation on something I was very interested in."

Once the Academy was set up, Cy studied on its first course under the personal tuition of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who expressed the wish that Cy should establish a large meditation centre in one of the major countries at the end of it. But Cy still felt personally unfulfilled and that the time was not right for such a venture.

"I decided that that wasn't really what I was looking for. So once Maharishi went back to England, I turned my attention elsewhere, after I had sorted myself out regarding his ideas and philosophies.

"Then I travelled, leaving myself open to see how I responded to India and all it had to offer. I finally wound up in this little mud hut, half-way up an unnamed peak in the Himalayas, and worked on meditation and general philosophy. I have had a smattering of the philosophies and thought of the majority of schools around, and found that they all had certain things in common, a sort of thread running right the way through. And it was this I concentrated on and tried to develop.

"It was a matter of getting away from the wood to see the trees, and viewing the world from afar; my experiences with the past, people, and the like. One can get a clearer picture if one isn't so involved.

"Physically, I found it very congenial travelling in India, because being a vegetarian and living on a simple diet, is much more acceptable to the people there. They not only accept, but respect the inclination. And this makes things so much easier. In fact, I had some of the local villagers bringing my food every day; they just left it outside and knocked on the door to let me know it was around. And so I was able to spend a long time without seeing people. I lived for many months like that, over a year I think it was. Time doesn't mean very much in those circumstances.

"Food was very cheap, where it was available, although there were times when I had to live just on rice. Or make my own *chapatas*. After about six months I went down with the common European ailment of jaundice, but being keen on diet reform and fasting, it wasn't very difficult for me to look after myself. Since when you fast, there is no looking after to do.

"Now I'm back, I'm keener than ever I was about meditation. People say I look younger, which is one of the side effects of an active interest in such practices, and I feel it. Although I consider meditation is a mere technique for achieving one's goals, and people's goals are so different, in their conscious mind anyway, and therefore meditation should adapt to varying circumstances, ideas, outlooks. I have a very wide concept of the word meditation."

Eventually Cy returned secretly to an isolated farmhouse in England, where he spent long days in meditation. After the years of deep inner probing he began to feel the need for some form of *Personal Garden* expression. He searched the paths of painting, writing and poetry, and slowly gravitated back to music, and a re-awakening of his love for jazz. The quiet farmhouse now echoed for days on end with the blue-wail of the clarinet as Cy recaptured his old virtuosity.

"I thought it would be good to start up the old club again, and I managed to get together the members of my original front-line and an excellent new rhythm section. We've now got this place up Tottenham Court Road, the Bedford Corner Hotel, where we play every Sunday evening.

"I don't feel my style has changed, except to become *more* of what it was. I don't think the influences I picked up in the East

CY LAURIE contd.

express themselves musically. If they do, it's so subtle that I couldn't detect it myself. One of the reasons I gave up music in the first place, principally, was so that I could pursue my studies. I had become involved in seeking paths long before I started playing clarinet. They had been running side by side, but my interest in philosophy developed far more than my interest in music. I gave it up at 34 and come back to it now at 42.

"At present I'm very interested in what *you* are all doing, this *Gandalf's Garden* project, and the *Miraculous Research Foundation* you are setting up with your clairvoyant friend." (See p.21.) "I am interested in the practical side of things, and I should very much like to see the blossoming of get-togethers with sincere readers for continuous stimulation."

LEGOLAS

Readers are invited to write in if they would be interested in informal weekend get-togethers for pleasantly serious, social soul stimulation. Please send S.A.E., to be put on file and returned with details when "GARDEN MOOTS" come into being.

IT'S NOT THAT WE DON'T LIKE POETRY but it is coming out of our ears! Send no more we beg of you, unless it's just for us to read. We can only use about two or three each issue and are already committed for about a year's supply. But thanks to all who gave us pleasure with their words. OTHER MSS. WELCOMED. We do need extraordinary articles, events, serious researches, ideas, news for Scene Around, and your questions and suggestions.

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INTRAREALISMO

Scattered throughout the leaves of the GARDEN you will find photograftings on the artlife of this issue, labelled INTRAREALISMO, showing the varied vision of some of the INTRAREALIST group. Reproductions by kind permission of O'HANA GALLERY which arranged the remarkable INTRAREALISM EXHIBITION earlier this year.

An Attempt To Define It

Art is a conscious reflection of reality that insistently dwells on things, increasing their capacity for being understood. But how can man reflect reality when he himself is part of it? Reflection imposes a separation in order to receive and return the image. To introduce oneself intentionally into reality, one must first abandon it. One must taste of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, go off with the angels, the devils, or the gods, to be able to look at oneself and realize that one is naked. Thus we find three crucial moments of human knowledge: to feel that one is part, to know one is a spectator, and to recognize one's role as an actor.

Of what is reality made? Of everything and everyone. And of what do we make intrareality? Of everything and everyone through the mine/your/his of consciousness.

The real is amoral. The intrareal never. The realist goes on creating objects but merely increases the number of elements in reality without any further concern. The intrarealist attempts to go beyond. He wants his work to be not only a form, but to make a statement, and as a consequence qualify life. Intrarealism's very essence prevents it from forming a School since the assembly of the group doesn't derive from any technical principle or similarity in formal approach, but rather from a highly individualised and decided will to expressive communication. The artist—(we must remember that intrarealism is not exclusively plastic, but also includes poets, novelists, and essayists)—gives his interpretation to living events, past and present, seeking with a new language to make the exposition directly expressive and significant. The intrarealist's aim is not solely creation, but communication, emphasizing the projection of the message through the work as an object of art.

Actually it is converted into something permanent, radically different from novelty or fashion. It can bring any past moment meaningfully into the present without resulting in romantic historicism. Each artist organises the events of life with a personal logic which, in a certain way, recreates them, increasing their possibility of interpretation, their capacity of understanding, and therefore their transcendence.

Mercedes Molleda

THE NOBLE FACES OF LONDON

I was walking down a street in Soho at 1.30 am. The air was calm, it was Saturday night with only a few of the night people to be seen. For once I was awake.

Towards me out of the dark came a blind man. His white stick tapping in the night, his face muttering as he tossed it from side to side. I looked closely into the man as he approached. Suddenly he looked up at me with his eyes, clear awake eyes. He smiled at me as I smiled back. Then he went back to tapping and muttering his way along the empty street.

I was on my way to Middle Earth at the time. As I walked along the quiet streets I realised I had passed a sane man. He burned with life. By comparison the "turned-on" people of the underground club seemed worn-out shells. Stripped of outward conventional signs, but inside anonymous and unknown.

That night I knew I had seen a noble face in London.

By chance, a few days later I looked at the heroic paintings of the Renaissance. Now I understand. Every face in these paintings was a noble face. Until then I had never known what a noble face was. Now I could see the light and the depth, the gentility and the will in their eyes.

Over the next few weeks I thought little about the blind man but watched the faces of the London crowds with a fresh viewpoint. I understood more about the very old, flowing-bearded monk I had seen sitting by the sea at Hastings. I looked towards him—drawn by his immobile, staring-out-to-sea face—and saw eyes blazing in awe. Eyes that made the cheery, everyday smile I gave him ridiculous.

The faces of those London crowds smiled, laughed, were sullen and tired. But behind their changing moods was resignation. It showed in their weary faces, slumped bodies, aimless walk. Surely even the slaves of Rome carried themselves with more dignity?

But not all the faces I saw showed resignation. Around me on a tube train I could see—dotted about—frightened, looking everywhere eyes. The look of dimly understood terror. Eyes so frightened and battling that they must be seeing aggression everywhere. And in retaliation bristled their armoury of fantasy death. I saw the same look the night General Westmoreland spoke outside the Viet Cong captured US Embassy. He seemed a man who could only conceive terror.

I looked at London—still am—looking for noble faces. I see fear, furrowed brows, grey drawn faces, tense smiles, hysterical laughs, darting eyes, shallow emotions. And yet there are noble faces in London. At least faces of the same species as those heroic Renaissance ones.

There are the gentle faces of lovers, already marred by suffering. Love has shown them how to look on the world with hope. Surrounded on all sides by the web of human suffering and spiritual death, their love will need to be extraordinarily alive if it is not to succumb.

And there are the "beautiful people" with their good intentions and often sorrowful eyes. Like lambs frolicking on the conveyor belt leading to the slaughter house, they take their trips, peer laughing through the gates of paradise but then return to the London conveyor belt to battle against an army of unbelief.

The scene is now "disillusioned", "corrupted", with uncomfortable past visions being doped on methedrine, heroin, sexless sex and faster and faster scene-chasing. So we hear that VD and hepatitis plague the streets of Haight-Ashbury. How are well-intentioned children going to recognise just how dangerous it is to go near the conveyor belt? Remember the Children's Crusade.

I've never met those tribes who got out of Frisco and back onto the world. I hope they have untroubled noble faces. For here in London the noble faces are largely those of noble crooks. Ever watchful, secretive, afraid of attacks and hustles, banding together for protection, feeding parasitically off the dying body of society. This is how rats behave. It's interesting that we talk about the Underground movement.

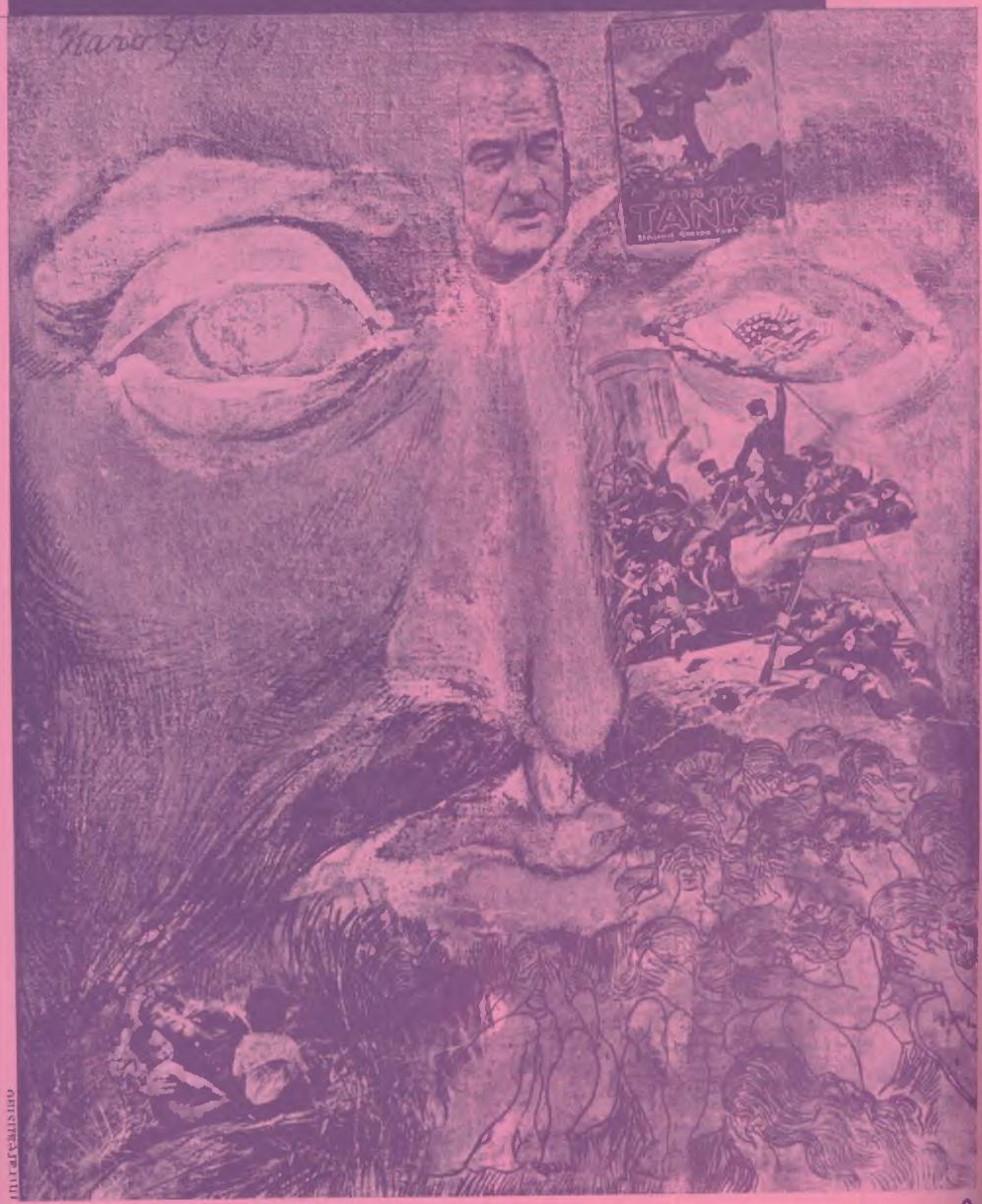
Perhaps if we showed, instead of hid, our belief, there would be more hope for a new age.

And yet I wonder whether that blind man would escape the attentions of the London nightmare without his clothes of weakness?

David Ryan

THE WAY OUT

by Leopold Brandstütter



We are most grateful to Dr. G. Siekmann for bringing his translation to our notice.

"This was written with the intention to submit to searching men and women who have a sense of responsibility, suggestions of ways and means by which mankind could be saved from declining into the presently existing abyss, and be guided over into a better future."

Leopold Brandstütter

RISE OR DECLINE OF MANKIND?

The second world war yielded:

18 x 10^6 soldiers dead
40 x 10^6 civilians dead
35 million injured
20 million orphans
190 million refugees

on the battlefields of Europe, Africa and Asia.

The gruesome sacrifices of this last great war, all but forgotten by many only 22 years later, are complemented by gigantic monetary sums, namely 800,000 million dollars senselessly squandered in most criminal ways.

2.7% of mankind lost their lives. A further 1.6% injured are still suffering to this day. Nearly 1% of Earth's inhabitants is orphaned and about 8.5% had to seek shelter in strange lands, being driven away from their homes. Numerous towns, once witness of ancient cultures, were left in ruins. True, most of them have meanwhile been rebuilt, but there are now at least 70,000 A and B bombs in the East and West, awaiting the next manslaughter of nations, whereas allegedly not more than 300 H-bombs would be adequate enough to eradicate all of mankind.

Besides, diligent work is progressing to complete development of the so-called "clean" H-bomb, to overcome the radioactive radiation hazards and so somewhat to calm the world conscience.

But is there such a thing at all: a "clean" bomb? Is not every bomb unclean, at least in a moral sense? "Mankind was led into a cul-de-sac, yet lightning will illuminate their way and thunder will awaken those who are asleep." *(Leaves of the Garden of Morta*, Vol. I, p.28.)

In spite of bitter experiences and terrible sufferings of the second world war, mankind is drifting towards the most horrible abyss in its historic existence. A momentous technical evolution and a total decay of cultural values are forcing towards a decision: either self-annihilation, or a new Rise to unimagined heights. This alternative is an unavoidable result of the inevitable evolution of human consciousness: either men and women turn towards sense and reason, or our planet will fall into rack and ruin.

Man—the Crown of Creation—forces himself to this inescapable decision, through his technical progress on the one hand and from his enquiring urge, his egoism and his greed on the other. Today's technical perfection of warfare would mean in the extreme case suicide for many nations, if not total destruction of our planet. The Atomic Bomb threatens all of us, like the Sword of Damocles and the Doomsday Machine.

Why warfare at all these days, when traffic technique has already transferred the battlefield on to the roads, where throughout the world more people die than on war fields? Moreover, through decay of morals criminality is so much on the increase that in the U.S.A., for instance, more people are being murdered every year than soldiers killed in the Vietnam war.

With the evolution of human consciousness, man's struggles are increasingly internalised (driven inwards from without), i.e. shifted into mental regions where confusion grows to wider dimensions, and where mental illnesses are the result. In the U.S.A. every tenth inhabitant is considered more or less barmy. Unless a transmutation takes place which converts human characteristics and habits from their negative to positive aspects, further cohabitation of human beings with each other will not only become an ever-increasing torture, but finally become totally impossible.

So far all have failed who have signed their names as being responsible for the solution of world problems or who believe in their ability to bring such about. Capitalism failed as much as Communism, the world's churches failed, and amongst them especially Christianity and Zionism. Both, being the main support of Capitalism, have directly or indirectly begotten Communism. And they were Christians as well as Hebrews who designed and made the Aromic Bomb and who dropped it on defenceless people.

The monotheistic religions, furthermore, are entangled in a deadly spiritual crisis of theology. Belief in a personal God, i.e. Theism, is now not only questioned by Atheists, who deny God's existence, but—what irony—even questioned by some progressive theologists or learned men of God.

Who then is still to believe in a God if even the appropriate scientists and church authorities do not know themselves whether there is an Almighty Godfather or not?

But where are the new ideas and cognitions, where the new spiritual force supposed or able to save the world? Fifty years ago Communism went out to free and liberate mankind from the slavery of the Capitalist yoke; shortly after, National Socialism and Fascism started the same. Whereas the latter two have quickly gone under without fame but with shame, Communism has passed through a victorious procession without equal in the world's history. How was this possible? Communism has cleared away many feudal-political and religious monsters in the world, not only in Russia, Eastern Europe, China and Tibet, but also by indirect influences in the western world.

Thus, much has been changed towards a cosmically guided evolution: in this lies the true cause of the communistic triumph, in its relatively broad agreement with the guiding will of Cosmic Magnetism, even if at first very many mistakes have been made. This is a problem still unknown in the political teachings of today, because Extraterrestrial forces influencing world events have not yet been investigated and are therefore not recognised.

But they will urgently have to be explored, since they are undeniable facts.

Moreover, Communism is the antithesis of Capitalism upon which a synthesis must and will follow inevitably, according to the law of dialectics as propounded by Hegel, Marx and Engels. This synthesis, however, has no place in Communism, it lies in the new idea of Nature-Socialism.

This new idea is likely to leave no future chances to Communism, which in spite of its triumph and speedy spread, has probably passed already beyond its climax of might and spread. More than antiquated Christianity, Communism contains the germs of death. As soon as its function as a cosmic gravedigger for a dying world is fulfilled it will vanish, in accordance with the law of dialectics postulating the coming synthesis (so make space for) Nature-Socialism. This will not happen prematurely, not even by, feasibly, an inner revolution for which Capitalists have been hoping for decades.

Capitalism also will gradually die because it is equally unable to solve the world's present problems, even less the more difficult future ones which are caused by increasing technicalisation and the growth of production volume. It also will have to be replaced by the synthesis called "Nature-Socialism".

Therefore the question arises: where lies salvation? It is asked these days even by many young people. Discontended youth raise protests but this is of no use, though understandable, as youngsters lack the experience necessary to find usable

This article does not mean that "Gandalf's Garden" is becoming more politically-minded (heaven forbid!) but it is included because at long last, from the seething morass of socio-political thought, there arises a thinker with an understanding of the cosmic and karmic laws for survival, and who has vital things to say regarding the absorption of them into the working of world politics, thus heralding great possibilities for the future of mankind. Evolution indeed!

THE WAY OUT contd.

approaches. They can only see that existing conditions all over the world are wrong and need revising, and thus they express their discontent.

But without new and better ideas and without a reasonable ideology there is just no better future. The past has proved that neither Communism nor any other totalitarian state can be overcome by armed force alone. Korea and Vietnam prove it. Senselessly has the bloom of many nations been sacrificed on battlefields. In vain are thousands of millions of dollars squandered in the fight against Communism, and this is only because America has no better idea against Communism and believes, wrongly, to be able to overcome it with armed force. Not one of the two hundred million Americans was so far able to find a better solution or a spiritual synthesis against Communism. Forbid, lock-up, persecute and strike down with weapons; that is the American answer against Communism; but no useable idea is offered that would be better than Communism which, after all, has come to power by force and continues to be operated by force and suppression.

And to this we must add that in the Second World War American help has saved Communism from downfall; what an irony of world history!

Mankind East and West, North and South, want nothing else now but bread and justice. They desire the freedom necessary to live and unfold individually. What name the saviour is called—Russia, America or China—is really all the same to them. But freedom and wealth cannot be attained by brute force but only by active help and goodwill, in so far as these are accepted; if not, it is better one stays at home, tidies up one's own internal affairs and leaves the ungrateful people to their freely chosen fate.

In the West, where conventional means obviously fail to bring a solution, a so-called Moral Rearmament is tried to bring forth solutions. But this too, merely proved to be a poor polishing up of last urges of failing Christendom and Capitalism alone is not enough. Russians and Chinese cannot be impressed by "sing-outs" or "rosary prayers".

The ideology of Communism is of course no future solution either, for it has built its might upon immoral means, namely with blood, imprisonment, terror, with suppression and force as well as denial of political freedom of opinion, and it has founded a social order which basically failed to bring a satisfactory economic or social solution. It has not led to more wealth than Capitalism, nor did it bring a relatively greater freedom; indeed, the shackles have to be loosened.

Neither have the Americans any usable world-political ideas in their plans. They consider the American way of life and their relatively greater freedom as generally desirable. For that, their freedom of dying and decaying is greater than the social security in Communism. But even the relatively greater freedom of the Americans is so little desired that it is not even taken as a present, but has to be forced upon other peoples. This was proven not only by Korea and Vietnam, but also by America's intervention during World Wars I and II. The Yankees have obviously tried to make good armament business. Thus the American type of freedom is not desirable but a modern form of suppression by military force in the interest of American high finance, and therefore a modern form of slavery connected with cultural decay. For that reason, too, the Americans failed to make themselves popular anywhere on earth, in spite of Marshall aid and other development subventions. Moreover, their soldiers have slaughtered innocent human beings in the occupied areas.

Therefore also for the U.S.A., a new and better idea is urgently necessary, in order to solve especially their own internal problems, namely the racial question. The Americans have at least to learn to co-operate in a peaceful way with the whole world, in order to find a common solution for the problem of hunger in the world, for the technical and economic evolution as well as for the questions concerning the population explosion in the coming century. To produce and drop atom bombs to attain might and riches and thus to achieve a forced reduction of the world's population is no suitable contribution towards world peace. The Capitalist West and the Communist East, as well as the independent nations, all need a new and better idea to alter their difficult situations.

One of the most frightening signs of today's decay is the division and disunity of Europe, as well as the antagonism of its peoples. The retention of these conditions is for the world-political development much worse than the waning opposition between Communism and Capitalism. The European endeavours to unite have got stuck in the barbed wire of national and philosophical selfishness between European nations from France to Russia. How then can this situation be altered to attain a positive result to everybody's satisfaction?

To that end, human beings have first and foremost to alter themselves. Neither Communism nor Capitalism can effect that. Neither a moral nor a military Re- or Dis-Armament will achieve this, but only an ethical renewal based on the laws of nature and on scientific cognisance. In contradistinction to religion, ethics has its roots in science; that means it is based on observation of cognisable laws of nature, and these are, after all, binding for all human beings, they determine morals and actions. The necessity of Ethics was recognised even by Marxism and Leninism, because without ethics and without moral principles, the upholding of human order and the cohabitation of human society would

DESECRATION

And countryfolk pausing in their tracks
in furrowcarved fields
as they enjoyed the last breaths of
the summer day did shield
their eyes
against the vastness of the exploding sun
on the skyline

And the land flowing with milk and honey
did smile up to them
as they edged their shadows out of
the evening sun

And as the evening clouds damped the
sunwashed faces
the bombs fell.

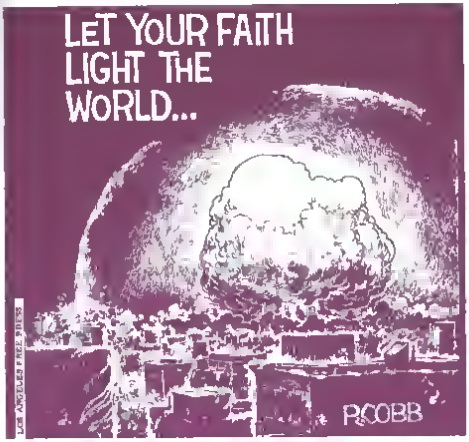
Paul Weston

comic strip?

War comics, which are widely available in this country to children, are dangerous. Firstly, they perpetuate hatred of enemy races (successively, French, German, Japanese, Russian and Chinese). Recent comics have included stories about the Korean war, although Nazism is still the staple enemy. How long before we see the heroic crew-cut Americans dropping napalm on Vietnamese?

Secondly, in these comics the enemy is not portrayed as a human being, capable of emotions and actions for good or evil, but as a target, an object. Comics tell us that: "These Japs aren't human beings" and "the only good Germans are dead ones."

Stuart Marriot PEACE NEWS



"After every war movie with a happy ending there will be a 90 minute Hiroshima newsreel and a competition to spot the deliberate mistake"

David Tiernett

be just as impossible as an orderly road traffic without a highway traffic code. A fundamental renewal of life can only arise from "Living Ethics", and is from a moral thinking and wanting which corresponds with natural laws and is transformed into practice.

Without ethics, therefore, there is no political renewal. Both must go hand in hand, yet ethics is primary. Original Christianity consisted of ethical rules and advices. Centuries later, through "Constantine's Donation of the Church State" and through corruption of the Bible by Church Fathers, a useless unnatural form of belief was evolved, rapidly drifting away from the original mission and maturing into spiritual scrap. Even the progressive thinkers among Christians, not to mention the conservative ones, have, by unnatural dogma and false concepts, been much infected, estranged from nature and demoralised, so that even Hottentots are ahead of them in spiritual matters.

This is demonstrated, for instance, by the attempt of the Catholic Church to undermine Communism by "Rosary Crusades", because a pious nun from *Beyond* had transmitted this advice through a medially gifted shepherd girl in Fatima. That is not religion, certainly not ethics, but spiritism. Neither is it enough to try more or less to observe the "Ten Commandments of God", or not to observe them, they have been made up by Moses himself on Mount Sinai. They have many gaps and are incomplete, and no longer apply to the ethical demands of our present age and, in order to humanise mankind, they must be replaced by cosmic rules established by observation of the laws of nature.

It is not enough either, to throw the old God Father out of the church door because of his senility, but one has today to find a better solution of the God-concept (this, by the way, already exists – see lesson No 29 of *Letters of Living Ethics*, and the book *The New God*, Spirale Verlag, Linz). Humanity must first and foremost recognise the most important Law of Nature, the universal law of cause and effect (see lesson No 4 *Letters of Living Ethics*), for only then will they act accordingly well and will even be prepared, from the contemplation of reason, in ardent endeavour to transmute the evil qualities it recognises into positive ones.

Communism, for instance, is not dangerous because of its atheism, but mainly because of its ignorance of the Law of cause and effect, as it believes erroneously that it is enough to have the power to create its own necessary laws and to determine what is right and wrong. What a deceptive thought! It actually has no knowledge at all of a responsibility towards the Cosmic Laws and is therefore going to fail from its ignorance.

From where else should man take strength, a readiness for a nature-bound ethical attitude, if no moral law existed that is binding for all? It is no longer enough for modern man to be provoked to better himself by reprimanding preachings of Abraham and Santa Clara's kind. Thinking man of today must know why he must act this way and not that way, for his own good and for the benefit of his fellow men. And this fundamental cognizance is these days only conveyed by modern, that is living, ethics on a scientific basis. In no other way will man learn to comprehend why he should go the way of a moral betterment, not rearmament, for even the great disasters and the most bitter experiences and sufferings of two world wars have not been able to alter man. Amongst thousands, only a few individuals have begun to contemplate, the masses have fallen more than ever into archaic customs, hatred, fear and greed, as well as into egoism and materialism. All this from ignorance of the Cosmic Laws which are absolutely inescapable and which, in the long run, even the most crafty and relentless Communist cannot avoid without punishment.

The churches are also reaping only centuries later, what in earlier times they had perpetrated or done wrong in those countries which are Communist today. The method of absolution of sins is futile and has proved itself as absolute humbug. What matters is recompense as demanded by the Law of cause and effect. What mockery, for instance, lies in the fact that Catholics in Communist satellite countries, in order to survive, have to praise in all tunes, in spoken and in written words, the apparent superiority of the Communist system over the Western world. Thus, the people in Eastern parts continue in adding new mistakes according to the Law of relative free will, and through ignorance, they cannot free themselves from the chain of negatives, but strengthen it all the time.

Therefore, not only a new, better political and social idea must come, but also a spiritual and religious renewal which changes man from within by means of higher cognizances and not on the basis of forbidding rules and instruction, a way only possible through step by step removal of ignorance and without the use of force. This change will neither come through Communists nor Capitalists, not through Theist and not through Atheist, neither through world-estranged ascetics nor through bible-devoted missionaries—but only through reasonable and experienced individuals who are of this world and have adequate knowledge and a feeling of responsibility. Only such men and women can take on the great and difficult task of a spiritual and ethical renewal of humanity. That will be their heroism and mankind's great hope. But the time must be ripe. Even ten years ago it would have been futile to talk or write about this. Often, not only decades, but even centuries have to be awaited to start off from any direction a decisive progress in humanity. This, moreover, opens up new perspectives of the world's indirect guidance, which is yet unknown to mankind.

The concluding episode of THE WAY OUT will appear in Issue 4

SCENE AROUND

PRESENT SCENE IN THE EAST — — — — —

Generally speaking, in the big cities (where there are proportionately more corrupt people) bad or mocking vibrations directed towards all "hippies" and all young travelling people, whom they associate with that label. This is due to an increasing number of mis-informed local newspaper articles and the growing number of European-American dealers, hustlers and needle-freaks, also a growing number of people who are flipping out, freaking and going mad thus giving us a bad name in the East. (This unfortunate condition comes about when the person concerned has no bread, smokes too much, is forced to stay in cities (terrible places to stay for too long) to hustle bread and food, and has no sound spiritual base upon which to stand. The crack-up comes when instead of absorbing the Easterners' simple and enquiring questions, "From what country do you come? What is your purpose?" etc, and replying in a positive communicative manner, the person involved gets tired of playing up to their fantasies (a fatal mistake) and consequently develops a paranoid streak, which is the beginning of the end.

All village people are simple and pure and a pleasure to be with, and a lot can be learned from them, especially the mountain folk.

All borders from Europe to Turkey—very hot, general hassling and a refusal to let anyone in who remotely resembles a hippie.

It's impossible to go overland to India via Turkey-Iran after October, as the snowfalls block the mountain passes from Turkey to Iran. The best way is to go down through Iraq to the Persian Gulf, and get a boat to Karachi or Bombay.

Herat, in Afghanistan, still remains one of the most beautiful little towns in the East. Kabul (capital of Afghanistan) is very hot. Lots of people have been busted there, the police are tightening up. The Noor Hotel has been closed. This is due partly to some people trying to smuggle stuff back to Europe and the States on a plane, via Russia. Everyone gets busted in Russia and the Kabul authorities have been asked to tighten up etc.

Pakistan is a very beautiful place if you get off the beaten track, which is, Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Lahore, Chitral, in the Hindu-Kush mountains, a name which all grass (charas) connoisseurs cherish deep in their hearts, has, unfortunately been burned right out because of selfish American dealers buying up too much (and consequently being busted and having to give it all back) and also some people dropping acid and freaking the simple folk of the Bazaar right out of their heads.

This is very sad, because our little scene of pure minded people got there first and were very successful in communicating good vibrations. We put on a spontaneous tribal music and dance thing at their yearly festival, which was enthusiastically received, only to have the whole scene ruined later on by a few misguided people. It is truly a magical and beauteous place (closed by snow for eight months of the year) but now you will be lucky to get past the road checkpoints, and it is now impossible to smuggle anything out either by road or plane (there is a small airstrip there). Also the neighbouring state of Swat, also in the mountains is a beautiful place to be but they are clamping down heavily on grass and opium carriers (a friend of mine was busted with a small amount of opium (1 kilo) and transferred immediately into Peshawar prison).

In India Delhi is very bad. Lots of "hippies" openly begging on the streets and again lots of people have been busted there. In Benares I heard that lots of people were getting stoned (literally) by religious fanatics, but the spiritual vibrations still remain to be joyously felt.

Kathmandu (the hippy Mecca) is as always packed full of seekers of truth and boasts its own hippy "guru". His name is "Eight finger Eddie", a 40-year-old American, born with only eight fingers, who has been in the East a few years now. His purpose, to "turn people on to the truth". He is a very high cat—he is usually to be found in Kathmandu sitting in one of the cafe meeting places. Laying the trip on everybody, turning lots of people on and freaking a few out. One of his "truths" "If you can't dance, you're not free". He sings and dances all the time.

I can't help thinking that Kathmandu will be finished in a few years, there are other places in the world.

Southern India remains good (India is a big country) and a nice place to go would be Goa which is a small Portuguese speaking state down the coast a long way from Bombay—sandy beaches and palm trees and sea, very beautiful.

Many ashrams in India are refusing "hippies" now (you can stay at most free) because they will insist on smoking [illegible] generally bad scenes have been caused in the past which spoils for everybody, especially in Delhi.

The people of the East are our friends. We are more like them than we are like the average Westerner, and because they are much closer to the truth, they can be turned on much easier and also there is *so* much we can learn from them. We, who are out there should communicate with *all* people good and bad and so strengthen the bond between us and the East. More people should see us as a spiritual force for good in the world and not "dirty hippies", and "junkies". Some Easterners think we are being sent by the governments of the world to spy on them. We have had to correct a lot of people on this point. Too many people stay too "cool" on their trip out East. Living *with* the people and with *genuine* love radiating from heart to heart is the only way.

JIM GRIFFIN,
117B Melbourne Grove
London, S E 22

LETTER FROM EVOL

"EVOL is a planet, or rather a non-planet, that strangely resembles Earth, except that everything is in reverse, up-side-down, what's inside on Earth is outside on EVOL, and what's outside on Earth is inside on EVOL."

This is an invitation to participate in a project which is presently in the process of realisation (This participation may take many different forms, for example, active personal, financial, friendly support, public or private interviews, etc) The project was born out of the comprehension that we are on a cusp in the progress of human evolution, I wish to actualize a community which mirrors the aspirations of the "New Age" As the New Age is still in an embryonic state and the reality of our intentions at a tender age, it is difficult to describe what we are going to do ("we" meaning that some friends and I are already totally engaged in this venture) The best way to present it might be by an allegory from the Hopi Indian prophecies "The day of Purification will be announced by a Kachina dancer taking off his mask in front of uninitiated children".

"Kachina in our language means all-together God, idea of God, mask, persona, knowledge, sublimation, Maya, identity, projection of self Man takes off his 'mask' and reveals himself to what is uninitiated in Man — it is The Book of Revelations, the act of purification It's the preface to the New Age of Aquarius. The Aquarian Age proposes the discovery of the universe outside oneself, and the universe inside oneself — it's a space age in two directions (not opposed, but complimentary) Actually the inner direction should be as emphasized as the outer, if not more so, but this is not the case, yet

I can only give hints about what we are going to do, since its most essential aspect is that there is nothing ideal, conceptual or projected in it There is nothing far-out or extraordinary about it, maybe that is why it is far-out and extraordinary Our most concrete knowledge lies in a general but strong intuition of our potential as human beings, and an awareness of what we must avoid doing rather than what we must do

When the Kachina dancer takes off his mask he has no choice —he has to be simple, he has no choice—he has to GROW UP

Growing and blooming is not something that a "flower" has to *do*, but rather has to *let happen*, to *let be* — and a fully "bloomed" human being is Godlike The seed of a flower is potentially a flower-in-full-bloom, but for this to occur it needs a balanced amount of sun and rain, of Spirit and Matter, of Yin and Yang, and then the growing HAPPENS

There are no established rules in our community, but each disharmonious note is put in question, driven into a corner, until its causes and effects are fully comprehended The material goods are, of course, in common supply for the use of each individual to the measure of his needs The arts, crafts, and sciences are fully used for our growth, but we diverge from the usual in not wanting to become artists, craftsmen, or scientists, but rather *human beings* (this I consider the real art, craft, and science)for whom these activities are used as tools for discovering the inner and outer universe and its process ("Define your terms, young man!" "With pleasure, if this is the way your mind understands Art: That Which Transcends Craft That Which is Used Science That Which Reveals.")

Our community is together familial and democratic, but in a living way (opposed to the way that tends to force people to conform to preconceived ideas) Words like "community" "family" "democracy" are in fact rarely pronounced among us We are not trying to define ourselves, but to live harmoniously with each other With respect to this aim, the principal qualities of those who are or want to be part of our adventure are attention towards oneself and others and what *is*, spontaneous kindness, and the willing commitment to discover and test the unknown

A point that might create some misunderstandings is the fact that we all strongly intuit the "New Age" and even live it on several levels and, as a result, we are all misfits in the eyes of the established society of the old age, which seems to be based upon competition, worship of dogmas, and repression of sensitivity —all that which has essentially a room in our behaviour and attitudes But being on the margin of society is not a principal or goal, it is simply and unfortunately a fact of the present However, we don't want to alienate ourselves from the rest of the world Quite on the contrary, our place in the Mandala and as a consequence our function on this planet and in humanity concern us greatly and should, sooner or later, manifest itself openly and fruitfully

When we were seven friends at the point of committing ourselves concretely in this adventure I had an inspiration about the number thirteen Thirteen is the exact number of people who can live together without rules on the one hand or limitations on the variety of inter-relationships on the other It was only some hours later that I understood some connections with the number thirteen twelve plus one, twelve plus a catalyst (the catalyst is not necessarily the same person in all situations), the number twelve occurs in many universal concepts the signs of the Zodiac, the Time . . of course, the most obvious connection is Jesus Christ (the catalyst) and his twelve Apostles, or, similarly, Buddha and his twelve disciples, or even King Arthur and the twelve knights of the Round Table searching for the Grail There are twelve intervals in the chromatic scale and thirteen notes Making the analogy between music and human relationships, a group of thirteen people, carefully and intuitively chosen, living together, can actually "play" in all the existing keys of music . . but, of course, this theory is more inspirational, ideal, and symbolic than a concrete limitation upon the number of members in the group, which is in fact quite flexible

Another part of my concern is with the total growth of the children not yet born to the couples of our group—thirteen altruistic and responsible (capable of responding) parents should fulfill the propositions of Huxley in *Island* and Neill in *Summerhill*

We are temporarily in France and expect to settle in England in a few months We are available and will welcome and respond to enquiries at the following address. EVOL, "La Verandah", Bourg-Dun 76 ,'St. Aubin-sur-Mer, France

Photografts in SCENE AROUND, Issue 2, were by ROBIN BORDISS Apologies for omission of credit, Robin Montage by JAY AMLER.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

"I'm trying to get a new form Tolkien appreciation group moving for kids, diggers, hobbits and orcs alike Elvish poetry reading and writing, painting, singing, talking and reading about Middle Earth Anybody interested and interesting, in S. E London and Bromley area especially, contact me at Orpington 33690 after 6 p.m, for details of first meetings and address

STEVE FARAMIR TOOK

SCHOOL ON THE HILL?

Latest mind-blower along the Beatle's grapevine is that John Lennon has plans for setting up an uninhibited, no rules, anything-goes type of school Certain cool people are believed to have been approached as possible "teachers" but nothing definite has yet been fixed The sights are on next spring

COSMIC MAN'S SCHOOLDAYS

If you shudder at the thought of sending your child to the kind of existence-shrinking school which you had to endure yourself, then take heart at the words of A. C. Harwood (Chairman of the Anthroposophical Society of Gt. Britain) speaking from his many years experience as a teacher at the Rudolf Steiner Schools, where children are encouraged to retain their innate sense of wonder in the worlds of learning.

A rebellion of the younger generation against the old is nothing new. The young feel the old as static, out of touch with modern realties. The old feel that what they have now is despised by the young. Their feeling has been expressed for all time in the line of Keats.

"The hungry generations tread us down"

The rebellion of the present generation, however, is a phenomenon almost unparalleled in previous history. After the first world war the young rebelled against the established way of life. They sought a solution in political and economic changes, in socialism, in the overthrow of social conventions. These things of course continue. But the young after the second world war are experiencing a deeper rebellion as well. They are realising that the whole of modern consciousness is imprisoning them. In a hundred and one ways—through practices of meditation, through drugs, through the revival of something like a group consciousness, through new forms of art, they are endeavouring to break the barriers of modern intellectual, analytical consciousness and breathe a freer and larger air. Bursting the consciousness is for many of them far more important than bursting the sound barrier.

There is, however, one large section of humanity which does not experience this barrier at all. These are the children. Educators do not realise that the source and spring of a wider and deeper consciousness is to be found in childhood. For the most part they are busy discovering techniques for introducing children as quickly as possible into modern analytical thinking.

There was, however, one educator who realised, even after the first world war, that the times were calling for a new education which would foster the deeper sources of consciousness in children and let them flow into adult life. This was Rudolf Steiner, from whose impulse new schools have sprung into being—nearly a hundred of them—in all parts of the world. Let us look at a few of their practices.

In the first six or seven years of their life children live in incessant activity. They fashion everything to their will. A chair becomes a ship or a car, the floor is a sea, a rug is an island. They will take a piece of paper and draw or paint you indifferently a house, a man, a tree, a dragon or God. They do this instinctively because they are permeated with the instinctive creative forces of the will. With reading and writing—essentially intellectual operations—they have naturally nothing to do, though we may (and do) force these skills on them at the expense of their creative activity. A Steiner School, however, fosters the creative will. The children paint, draw, model, play with imaginative toys (most modern toys are ugly and unimaginative); they hear and act the simpler fairy tales; they talk with each other and with the teachers; they copy the adult world in sweeping and cooking and gardening; they begin to learn a foreign language in the same way they learn their own language through nursery rhymes and singing games and play activity. There is no theoretical teaching: all is imitation, activity, imagination.

In these little children, thought and action (or feeling) are one. Their concentration is complete. They are never doing one thing and thinking of another as is so often the case in adult life. And instinctively they feel that the world is moral and good. Inwardly they are weakened through the reality of evil, or the presence of human failings. They and parents have a great responsibility in dealing with them.

It is only about the seventh year that children's thinking becomes free from its close association

—ively. But it is a thinking very different from adult thinking. Children at this age think in pictures—because they are naturally artists. They also live very directly in the prime human feelings: love and hate, joy and sorrow. Above all they are full of wonder and reverence. It is much more important to keep these faculties alive than to give them intellectual knowledge about the world.

How should children learn letters? In such a way that they see in their imagination a picture form behind the letter which leads them into the sound. They can paint an M as a Mountain, a T as Tree, an S as a Snake and evolve the modern abstract form from the picture. At the same time they learn to love the beauty of the sounds of language. How different are the sounds of M and R and S, or of the vowels E and O. Poetry is largely the art of blending sounds. Through learning their letters children should become lovers of poetry and perhaps poets and artists themselves.

How should these children learn arithmetic? Numbers are things to excite wonder. Two-ness is different from three-ness or even-ness or twelve-ness. Where do they manifest in twos or threes, or sevens, or any other of the immediately comprehensible numbers? In minerals, in plants, and flowers, in animals, in stars and planets, in the arts and the world of man. There is a whole world to be discovered here, rich themes for painting and drawing and the experience of the wonderful! Then there is much rhythm in numbers. All languages have their numbers sung. Beautiful forms can be made by the manipulation of triangles, squares, pentagons according to mathematical laws. To love form and number is the best basis for mathematics.

So we could proceed in all subjects. Art, in which creative will and feeling show themselves at their purest, should not be a subject alongside other subjects. It should be the essence of them all: a way of learning and experiencing.

Of course the time comes—reaching its culmination with adolescence—when intellectual analytical thought comes into its own. But it will have a different quality if it is permeated by the forces of will and feeling developed in the earlier years of childhood. And a great deal depends on the quality of *wholeness*. The idea that some people, some children, are more exclusively scientific in their outlook and others more exclusively humanistic is largely an illusion. They have generally been made so by external circumstances: by lack of opportunities, by the influence of their home, by a bad presentation of certain subjects in the early lessons, or through a hundred and one other reasons.

In a Steiner School whose principle is wholeness all children share lessons together in the sciences and the humanities. It is a bad thing to grow up and not to understand the fundamental principles in technology on which modern civilisation is based. It is equally bad to be cut off from the great achievements of mankind in literature, music, the arts—including the art of thinking. And through combining what at present are largely treated as two separate worlds, young people break through the modern convention that natural science, as practised today, has all the answers—or at any rate is for the first time asking the right questions and seeking the answers on the right lines. Former civilisations had also a justified approach to life. A more artistic imaginative thinking can already ask different questions, employ different methods and find different answers, through which man in all his aspects can be interested in the world in a way denied in present-day thinking.

This "wholeness" involves many practical arrangements. Boys and girls of ours remain together because they have balancing qualities and can learn from each other. But there is no "streaming" according to abilities. The slower children have much to give to the brighter—in their way they are often more profound, because they have developed later and preserved more child-like qualities. No child in a Steiner School feels he is a "throw-out" at the age of eleven plus! In our disintegrating society perhaps the most important task of our schools is to preserve and foster a *true* social impulse. This is certainly one of the ideals of Steiner Schools. How could it be otherwise when they follow Steiner's vision that ultimately "every idea must become an ideal"?

A. C. HARWOOD

THE SUFIS

The God'seye is an Outsider's Eyeview of existing cults, groups, societies and their leaders in the Eye of God, for the guidance of those seekers Breaking New Ground in the spiritspheres of self-advancement.

Jalalu'd-Din Rumi

A Poet in the Garden of Love

The sect of lovers is distinct from all others,
*Lovers have a religion and a faith of their own**

Love is the astrolabe† of heavenly mysteries," says Jalalu'd-Din Rumi in his epic poem *Mathnawi I Ma'nawi*. And verily the mystic to whom such mysteries are revealed is the lover who has scanned the endless firmament of inner space and found the Beloved.

The Beloved has many names. "The Sun of the Soul", "the Inner Light", "the Noumenon", "the Atman", "the Buddha-nature" are but a few of the names devised for the Beloved by enraptured lovers of different epochs and climes. The Beloved is the real self—the real "you", the real "me", the One that is beyond time and space, beyond birth and death, the One that is living and experiencing within all conscious beings, unlimited by individual forms.

The lover is the illusory self which flits hither and thither like a phantom in the phantasmogoria of phenomenal existence. This illusory self is a creature of thought and thus of time and, as a consequence, gets caught up in the birth and-death cycle, ever suffering the burden of birth and death. In the mystical experience of *fana*, which is the Sufi equivalent of the Buddhist *nirvana*, the lover is united with the Beloved. In the Clear Light of the Void, which shines forth from the ecstasy of this mystical union, there is no trace of the lover—the illusion of duality is destroyed, the cycle of birth-and death is broken and eternal life in the Eternal Now is attained.

In Zen Buddhism the real self is referred to as "the Host" and the illusory self as "the guest". The relationship between these two aspects of a self conscious being is indicated in the following couplets from the *Mathnawi*:

> The Beloved is all in all, the lover only veils Him,
> The Beloved is all that lives, the lover a dead thing.
>
> The Truth is yourself, but not your mere bodily self,
> Your real self is higher than "you" and "me".
> This visible 'you' which you fancy to be yourself
> Is limited in place, the real 'you' is not limited.

The "open sesame" to mystical knowledge is fervent love (*'Ishq*). And one will learn wondrous things about its magical power if one hearkens to the sublime verses of Jalalu'd-Din Rumi's poetry in the Sweet-scented Garden of the Soul.

Jalalu'd-Din Rumi (1207-1273 A.D.), a native of the old Persian city of Balkh in ancient Khorasan, succeeded his father in 1230 as teacher of Islamic Theology at Konya in Asia Minor, then known as Rum. At about this time he came under the influence of Burhanu'd-Din of Tirmid who kindled in him an enthusiasm for the doctrine of the Sufis. Later Jalalu'd-Din founded the fraternity of dervishes known as the Maulavi Order. He introduced music and dancing into the spiritual exercises of this fraternity, hence the oft-encountered reference to it as "the order of dancing devishes".

In 1244 his spiritual life became imbued with a deeper meaning through the teaching of Shamsu'd-Din of Tabriz, a wandering dervish who appeared in Konya in the same year. Relinquishing formal theology, Jalalu'd-Din devoted himself from then on to Sufi mysticism. In Shamsu 'd-Din he found a saint with whom he was spiritually *en rapport*. And after the departure and disappearance of this wandering dervish saint, the poet composed and dedicated to the memory of their friendship the *Diwan-i Shamsi Tabriz* ("Lyrics of Shams of Tabriz").

The *Diwan-i Shamsi-i Tabriz* is a collection of about 2,500 mystical odes. In these odes the poet scales the heights of mystical lyricism. His other major work, written during the last ten years of his life, is the *Masnavi I Ma'navi*. Comprising about 25,000 rhyming couplets in six books, it is a golden treasury of Sufi lore and wisdom and has been described as "the Koran in the Persian language". Besides the *Diwan* and the *Masnavi*, Jalalu'd-Din's literary output includes about 1,600 of the quatrains in the *Rubaiyat* attributed to him.

In the poetry of Jalalu'd-Din Rumi one finds the quintessence of the Sufi doctrine of enlightenment and salvation through love. The enlightenment which brings about salvation is made possible by love because love transcends the limitations of the intellect. It breaks down the prison walls of the mind and spirits the lover away to the fertile garden of love where grows the fruit of ineffable bliss and where the air is perfumed with the peace that passes all understanding. Jalalu'd-Din sings of this garden and the lover thus:

> The fertile garden of love, as it is boundless,
> Contains other fruits besides joy and sorrow.
> The true lover is exalted above these two states,
> He is fresh and green independently of autumn or spring!*

The true lover is also exalted above the world of forms, for he is ever aware that

> Whatever is beloved it not a mere empty form,
> Whether your beloved be of the earth or of heaven.*

So if the lover is aflame for the beloved immanent in the earthly form of a man or woman and burns with the passion of a Zulaikha for her Yusuf, or a Majnun for his Laila, as narrated in the *Masnavi*, then the fire of that passion will consume the illusion of duality. With the disappearance of that illusion, the true nature of being, which is independent of forms and identities, becomes a living experience. This experience is expressed in the *Diwan* in these lines:

> In a place beyond uttermost place, in a tract without
> shadow or trace,
> Soul and body transcending I live in the Soul of my
> Loved One anew!

Thus the antithesis of the "I" and "Thou" is resolved in the mystical union of the lover and the beloved. This union is the ecstatic transcendental high of satori. The beatitude of this divine state may be glimpsed in this passage from the *Diwan*:

> Happy the moment when we are seated in the palace,
> thou and I,
> With two forms and with two figures but with one soul,
> thou and I.
> The colours of the grove and the voices of the birds will
> bestow immortality
> At the time when we shall come into the garden, thou
> and I.
> The stars of Heaven will come to gaze upon us
> We shall show them the moon herself, thou and I.
> Thou and I, separate no more, shall be mingled in
> ecstasy,
> Joyful and secure from foolish babble, thou and I.
> All the bright-plumed birds of Heaven will devour their
> hearts with envy
> In the place where we shall laugh in such a fashion,
> thou and I.

To set the scene for mystical union the Maulavi dervishes make frequent use of dancing and music. The whirling dances are a means of bringing about a high which may lead to the mind-zapping raptures known to Sufis as *zauq* and *mutwajid*. As for the effect of music, Jalalu'd-Din, long before Shakespeare, wrote in this wise:

> Hence it is that listening to music is lovers' food,
> Because it recalls to them their primal union with God.
> The inward feelings of the mind acquire strength,
> Nay, are shown outwardly, under influence of music.
> The fire of love burns hotter under stimulus of music.*

A message like Jalalu'd-Din Rumi's, a message which not only says, "Love is where it's at," but also points out where it's at, is surely of great relevance and vital moment to the way of life of each and every new generation. And lovers all over the world, as they go forth to spread the joyful tidings of love, will surely raise their loving-cups to the poet's toast:

> Arise, O lovers, this sweet draught is yours,
> Ye are they that endure, eternal life is yours!*

Readers who wish to know more about the Maulavi Order and/or Sufi mysticism in general will find a visit to The Sufi Society at 41 Pembridge Road, London, W.11, a worthwhile undertaking. This Society was founded in 1946 to foster interest in Sufism and to encourage the study of the Sufi mystics. Occasional public meetings, highlighted by performances of Sufi music, are arranged by the members.

Alex Lowslewkee

*From the *Masnavi*

†An instrument used in olden days in measuring the altitudes of the sun or stars.

EDITORIAL NOTE: This Eastern conception of the "Beloved" is the key to the understanding of "The Eternal Lover" in Issue One.

THE PERSONAL GARDEN

A mystical interpretation of MAN as CREATOR. The love and anguish of the artist in his relationship to his work and his universe.

"I am God!" cries out the impassioned soul of an artist at the height of its creation. And it speaks truly. But from whence comes this unknown voice? And what is that "God" which the man or woman of brilliance feels and translates into art? Is this an echo of the primordial consciousness which existed at the beginning of all things, making itself heard through Man the megaphone? Man the human voice-box. The Child of genius speaking with His Master's Voice?

At this point in *human* evolution, this unknown quantity—the 'God-force", is everything which our greatest and most illuminated minds have been able to perceive. And that is something which has been *directly perceived* transcending the reasoning process by the whole Self, not just the mind. What has been discovered, more often than not, died with the discoverer, for it has proved so far untranslatable. That which the most profound artists, yogis, mystics and delvers have experienced and understood, and *have* been able to conceptualize, is a *vast, illimitable, spacelessness. Ocean of vital love* vibrations, the basic *cosmic emotion*, which is energising the whole of the known universe.

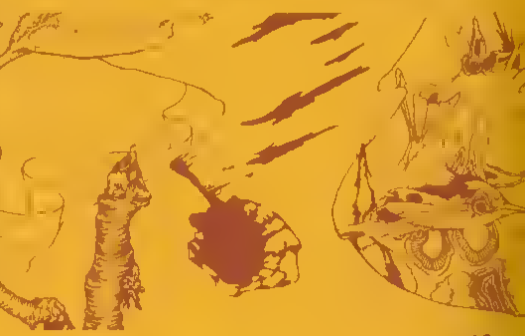
Yet this is only paddling the shallows of what is yet to be known of the phenomenon the ecclesiastics readily rigidize by the term 'God'. And between *That* and *Us* that is no difference, for we are sent through with it in every molecule. At the cosmic moments when an artist's consciousness and emotion as one break through the mental veils of the illusory 'reality' of the world he lives in, and becomes one with the *cosmic emotion* he knows all in spirit-unity.

STRAIGHT-JACKETED MINDS

The fabled Russian ballet dancer, Nijinsky, threw himself into a mystic trance as he danced his illumine. Louder pouring *"I am God! I am God! I am God!"* Yet none could understand. Because he could not *show* anyone that he *was* God, he suffered agonies of the mind. The misapprehension of those around him and his lack of verbal expression drove him deeper and deeper into himself. His vision was Christlike, yet his mind could not cope with nor rationalise his experiences, as his Straight Society schooling had taught him to do. The pressures of the straight-jacketed minds of those around him deranged his sensitive consciousness by their lack of understanding. He was put in an asylum.

This is the same symptomatic sickness characteristic of those innumerable cases filling the mental hospitals and psychiatric clinics today. The last thing a 'mentally sick' person needs is a clinical psychologist or psychiatrist who is generally a typical product of the society and mental environment which caused the conditions of the pain in the first place. The analyst often succeeds in cramming his patient's head with head shrinkers' terminology and clinical concepts, dulls his sensitivity to that which disturbed him, and sends him submissively back into the society which first sickened his soul.

Cosmic Health Centres are needed where yogis and mystically tuned-in medics who understand the soulspheres, can hold the



ent by over-[illegible] from the fears of their inner underworld experience and sick[illegible] decay of life

Had Nijinsky [illegible] mysticism or found a true guru, he would have become an illuminate As it was, he was a lonely [illegible] through which the *cosmic emotion* thrilled in his highest moments Terrifying his performance and captivating his audience Neither of whom really understood what it was that was being communicated Nijinsky's simple mind could not fully comprehend what his soul experienced But as an artiste of the direct line he was able to harness the power and express it in the only way he knew

Although a consciously spiritual path may be alien to the creative man the sensations of the universe humming through his own become outwardly reflected in his work But that they are, in fact, merely reflections, has often caused an unfavourable emotional reaction without the artist knowing why He tends to deprecate his own ability for not being able to express what he wants to say Futility bites parasitically into his being and overmasters him Borrowing deep, it feeds upon his intellect, dissecting and destroying his experiences and his confidence in the art he manifests When this occurs, all art appears useless

THE ARTISTS' DILEMMA

In those who have not understood the enormity of their task, which is to bridge the unbridgeable gulf between the finished work of art and the original impetus, it causes untold misery, death, or insanity in the oversensitive soul This occurs even when the desire to bridge the gulf is unknown to the artist And perhaps [illegible] this desire is unknown, and unreconciled If the artist became aware of his dilemma, he could probably resolve the schism in his psyche through a deeper yoga with his inner and [illegible] universe Understanding his spiritual relationship to all things could still the artists' mental emotional turbulence and lend [illegible] to any artwork created

Whatever the seeming reasons for the creation of an art work, [illegible] spiritual insight joy or sorrow, hate or agony, it is through the [illegible] emotion of the creator that an art form is born Or through the lack of it Such earthly emotions as hate, anger, [illegible] envy show a sensory 'blockage' in his psyche [illegible] medium What then comes out in his work is the [illegible] of bodily anger and the hurt of frustrated love [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

gates permanently The *Parasite* woke in him and cried with its painful ugly voice He destroyed his Sun with a bullet, and it fell into a *Garden* full of tears and blood The crows were left the pickings—and they took them

A true work of art is engendered in the first, by emotion A work of art without a foundation of feeling—which nonetheless, has charm and beauty—is but a work of intellect and craftsmanship Such a work generally produces cerebral applause and excitement, but rarely stirs the emotions

A true work of art has far more chance of moving the observer, if planting a seed in his *Garden* How can a flower emerge without a seed? The most perfect cut plant set without a root soon dies in any *Garden*

The Gardener's soul throws a rainbow ring of passions over his *Garden of Emotions* A sudden storm, or the silent calm after, may rouse its being into colour The *Garden* surges with new light The *font-spring* bubbles at the onset somewhere way down deep, and the liquid feeling rises through arterial roots to its highest bloom—his mind There a vision or a theme comes into being, tended by the intellect, but ever drawing on the water of the *Garden* well to feed it The bucket sounds deep the *whole being*, drawing heavily on the instincts, bodily intuition, love, hate, heart and soul—the essence of the *Garden* scents

When the intellect remains faithful to its stalk and relies upon its sap, mindful that it is not a peacock lording over all the *Garden*—then all is well with the newborn artwork—and nothing in the *Garden* has been compromised

The languid *Garden* morning is a time to bask, when the climbing *Sun* plays idly with the sleepy senses When the *Garden Sun* strikes *Noon* full face, the bucket is hurled into the well The bucket rises like a bounding ball though weighty with the whole being flung upwards to the blazing mind The early afternoon finds the Gardener's love or hate—his intuitions and insights—hard at work in *the Garden* When the hereness of the *Sun* begins to wane, the intellect forces its cooling prongs into the earthwork

Lucky is he who finishes his work whilst the *Sun* is still high

Unlucky is he whose prongs of intellect clash or breaksoft the early spadework

Woebegone is he who still toils when the *Sun* is going down on his *Garden* Let him beware the evening cool and precise thrust of the intellect He may find his Garden shorn too close and void of leaf, neat and prim and finicky

Whenever I speak of an artist, I naturally mean the true artist the sensitive creator, the feeling man, the man of genius

A *genius*, I define *a person who by mastery of the limitations of his craft, is able to evoke a fragment of his power of feeling in the emotional fabric of others*

A creative Gardener is sensitive to his emotions to a high degree He listens and hears, his body never fails to tell the truth, no matter what his mind imagines Moments of revelation and wonder sound so deep in him at times that he experiences an overwhelming uplift of his whole being If his *Sun* strikes *Noon* at such times, he can use colour, form, movement, word or sound to its fullest extent—to the limit of his ability and material But even were he the most excellent technician and superb craftsman—the most green fingered of Gardeners—whatever he could produce would be but a paltry smack of what he had *felt*

This was Oscar Wilde's understanding when he said "In my art I have put my ability, I have put genius into my life"

But this knowledge is the embryo of the Parasite—*futility*, to which, at one time or another, most creative people are prone

"Why attempt then, to create? Why bother with anything? Accurate expression is impossible All art is useless My work can never be more than mediocre Art is mediocrity Art is a make-shift"

When the darkness of this storm dulls the *Garden*, the *Parasite* runs amuk, spreading its disease everywhere and the Gardener thrashes his plants in madness and despair His graftings from the *Garden* make feeble hybrids in the *form-dimension* His worldly works are but fragments of his personal art dismembered petals brightly shamming life

How can a writer render feeling on his page—when words are an alien medium to emotion?

How does the genius composer move so with his soaring themes—when the *body* of his blooms stays in his *Garden*? What roots he in his soul untouched?

How often does the dancer despair when her faultless soul cannot dance alone and her full expression is limited, earthbound by the duress and discipline of her body?

Paint is not emotion Yet inconceivably the artist wields it and weaves it to a tapestry of colour with the might to *move* But for the Gardener himself it never moves enough. When the first elation at rearing such a flower soon subsides, to him the sap no longer runs in its body He casts it on the limbo heap and rakes his plot again

Can there ever be a bridge of translation between the emotion and the creation, channeling pure and direct the water of the *Garden* well?

If one is gored in the shoulder, the feeling is pain To convey this agony on canvas, one can paint the blood and the gore and the shoulder—*but one cannot paint the pain* The result is a representation of pain In the shoulder there is pain On the canvas there is paint

In the artist there is futility Only the most extra-sensory of onlookers may be so moved as to reconstruct pain in his body The Arts are a pale image of his *Garden*, pale because they *are* images—when his *Garden* is imageless *Who wants my pale blooms!* cries out his woken Parasite when the storm thrashes through him

But when this cloud of winter passes on, his psychic "filters" are springcleaned and the *cosmic emotion* endlessly overflows his personal *Garden*, bursting at its borders So the artist continues to create, ever translating the celestial vibrations into flowers of the form dimension And seeking ways to keep that expressive love alive!

With a mental attitude of reverence towards creation as it is, and towards his own creation, the artist is then able to introduce a new element into his paint, stone, wood, words, music, whatyou will The actual emotional vibration of the artist is capable of being instilled into the very atoms of the artwork. And it is this radiation which beams out at the beholder from a great work of art, penetrating his own *Personal Garden*, unblocking his psychic filters, and awakening his soul to the *cosmic emotion*

THE EVOLUTION OF 'GOD'

But even that vibration is but a symbol of the artists' *Garden* And what are symbols when there is a whole *Garden* to receive? Would that it were possible for him to open his *Garden* fully to the light To show the *All*, and fling the wondrous blaze into the breasts of everyone And if he could? What then? Would all art cease? What need would there be to create the substitutes? The world would soften to a slow sane pace again And everyone would walk with eyes of *Garden dew*—in love

Such love would be *the* essence of the universe transmi through the body of Man His creation being but metamorphosis of his mind and soul experience into Thus 'following in his Father's footsteps", Man know Creator, materialising his thoughts into form As it on material plane, so it is in the cosmic realms As above, so

Man is the microcosm reflecting the vast processes of cosmos And as such, Man the creator himself, is bu materialisation of a thinking process, at this stag in the e of an immense *Cosmic Consciousness* taking shape

SEEKING THE MIRACULOUS IN THE EYE OF THE HAND

THE SECRETS OF YOUR OWN UNIVERSE LIE IN THE PALMS OF YOUR HANDS.

This is the first in a series of articles by the extraordinary clairvoyant, Efiom Okon Ephraim, astrologer, numerologist, homoeopathic doctor, acupuncturist and Revealer at THE MIRACULOUS RESEARCH FOUNDATION at Greenwich, who will take us on a revealing journey through the Eye of the Hand to the inner Gardens of ourselves.

Know that there are no prizes you may cherish which are beyond your scope of victory Understand that your present unrest is a groping after higher things, and that awakening of your inner forces towards success in your daily living is a goal worth striving for

Life is full of surprises, but the clever and prepared ones take surprises by the horn while the poor souls with stunted visions sit back and alarm themselves with worry of missing the boat Your future destiny does not depend fully on luck nor on capricious chance alone but to a greater extent on yourself and planning of your future

You may decide to go through life caring but very little about your future and so do nothing at all about it but keep on drifting along letting your natural ability grow less and less through lack of use You may decide to change your outlook on life and so do something about your future and start using your natural ability and build your life just as a builder builds a house Your success is formed and maintained by an accumulation of victories of little things you know and do At times they may seem trifling but remember that your future is YOURS—it starts NOW Your understanding and victory in your trifles will enable you to meet your great moments confidently when they come

Your future is yours to turn into happiness and prosperity Remember that in each soul there is a giant, and time will come for the lowly in spirit and the mighty alike, to be called upon to face an individual great moment when the spirit has to direct Destiny

The past is gone for good But what about your future? You may be ragged or out of a job You may be down and out, or thinking of dying—but you need not be Your future is stretching from the *Eternal Now*

Can you conceive it that your hands or your hand imprints give an exact mirror picture of you? Or that a trained Hand Reader, or Chiro-psychologist, can read in your palm the presence or absence of mental or physical disease? It is entirely possible for a graduate Hand-Reader to discover your hidden thought processes, your tendencies, your most prominent aptitudes and the prospects for your future

Honest effort to read character by hand or hand imprints is not quackery as many people so often suppose Every life and action bespeaks something of our character The manner in which we speak, the way we walk, sit, stand, eat and sleep, surely portrays to some extent our character and tells also something of our past, present and future

If you were going to start a business, you would need an experienced man trained in values to make your inventory But in the case of your own personality, you would need someone trained in spiritual values and able to understand you better than yourself You may have the knowledge, but you are too close to yourself to properly estimate your own capabilities, your weaknesses and your potential strong points Because you are you, your own inventory of yourself will be entirely out of balance and probably unfair

If you need sound advice and expect it from your friends, think again You would be merely getting friendly opinions which

SEEKING THE MIRACULOUS contd

are biased by personal familiarity and views You will find that a friend will have an entirely different conception of you than you have of yourself, with the result that you will be worse, rather than better, off for these opinions If you fall back on your own family, you will find that the family is influenced by its intimacy, and family ties cannot give you an unbiased view of yourself Some may try but it is usually impossible

When you start dreaming, wandering, shifting from one job to another, dissatisfied with yourself, without knowing why, then you need a better understanding of yourself, and a Scientific Hand Reader could be the one to give the answers you seek. Your friends and family may regard you as worthless and feel that you will never [illegible] But who are they to judge? Your future is in your own hands People may condemn you severely, while others may think you have chosen the right path and back you up, but still this cannot help you in your direction because they have no idea how to go about it

In the family unit, or marriage go round, this same condition on hands repeating itself time and again In a crisis, part of your family will support your side of the story, and the rest will blame you and support the other partner Your best bet to find out where you might have gone wrong is to *Know Thyself* through the lenses of an expert Hand Reader In such conditions you will discover that a trained Scientific Hand Reader (technically known as a Chiro-psychologist) is equipped to give you sound practical assistance via the *Eye of the Hand*, in order to understand your further your associates

The Hand Reader will take your hands, or the imprints of both palms and give you an accurate inventory of yourself All your mental habits are reflected on your palms through the line formation mounts its finger lengths and size and shape of the hands

It is an interesting study to watch the natural reaction of people with their hands when the topic of hand reading occurs They discover that they have never really *seen* their hands before For the curious readers of humanness, I intend to explain step by step the mysteries of the hand, beginning in the first article with the general indications, and probing into deeper enchantments as we go on

Short Hands You will find that people with short hands tend to be quick in judgement but rather lack an interest for details When looking at such hands, should there be large joints it indicates good reasoning and calculating ability but little or no analytical faculty

Long Hands People with long hands do have the capacity for detail In such hands the fingers illustrate feeling and susceptibility if they are long Here again one may find in this type of hand that the quality of perception is high In looking at a hand, observe the difference in size between the fingers and the palm When the fingers are longer than the palm it shows that the individual so concerned has an active mind and memory, and that criticism and love of argument are strongly developed But when the palm is longer than the finger, you will find such a person is intelligent, instinctive in response and amiability Such an individual lacks the capacity for detail and cannot sit well into fine and delicate work

When you find in a person [illegible] and whose palm is equal in length to the length of the fingers then you would find a person of good judgment and instinct One with such a hand would never allow an opportunity to pass by without making a full detailed use of it

Some Hands are hard denoting energy and perseverance and some are soft, denoting a tendency to be lazy—mentally or physically and skewed also a natural indolence

Some hands carry supple fingers denoting that the owner is capable of quickness of actions and also that the person is versatile But when the fingers are very thick and hard, the owner tends to be in the rut of selfishness and excessive self esteem

The fifth finger of the hand is the thumb what is known as *Pollo* The value of the thumb is very, very important and its phalanges by far the most important feature of the whole hand in relation to hand analysis

I *First Phalange of the Thumb* (from the nail edge to the knuckle) A long first phalange of a thumb is a sign of energy, self confidence and love of perfection A very long first phalange of a thumb shows one is tyrant While one of medium length shows a tendency to passive resistance And a first phalange on the short side shows inconsistency, weak will and with a tendency to be ruled by other

LEAFLETS

Outside the plasma supermarket
I stretch out my arm to the shoppers and say
Can I give you one of these?
I give each of them a leaf from a tree
The first shopper thanks me
The second put the leaf in his mack pocket where his wife won't see
The third says she is not interested in leaves She looks like
a mutilated willow
The fourth says "Is it art?" I say that it is a leaf
The fifth looks through his leaf and smiles at the light beyond
The sixth hurls down his leaf and stamps it till dark purple
mud oozes through
The seventh says she will press it in her album
The eighth complains that it is an oak leaf and says he would
be on my side if I were also handing out
birch leaves, apple leaves privet leaves and larch leaves
I say that it is a leaf
The ninth takes the leaf carefully and then
with a backhand fling gives it its freedom
It glides, following surprise curving alleys through the air
It lands I pick it up
The tenth reads both sides of the leaf twice and then says
Yes, but it doesn't say who we should kill"
But you took your leaf like a kiss
They tell me that, on Saturdays
You can be seen in your own city centre
Giving away forests orchards jungles

ADRIAN MITCHELL

(2) *The second Phalange of the Thumb* If the second phalange of the thumb is the same length as the first, it shows that the owner has a balanced strength of character When it is long and thick then clearness of thought and reason is denoted but such an individual lacks decision and energy The owner of this type of second phalange of the thumb would be very good in giving advice, but finds himself or herself unable to attain conspicuous success When the second phalange is long and thick, and at the same time the first is strong, such a person is endowed with success and fortune.

(3) *The Third Phalange of the Thumb*– Actually the third phalange of the thumb is embedded in what is known as the mount of Venus. This phalange tends to three characteristics in different owners When this phalange is *thick* and long and shows an encroachment on the middle of the hand it is a sure sign of passion and renders the subject sensual in nature. When this phalange development is Medium and proportionate to the rest of the hand, the subject is demonstrative in affection and benevolence Again when this phalange is weak and flat, or very much depressed, the subject would be cold-hearted, selfish and slothful

In a nutshell, a long first phalange of the thumb is a sign of will power, a long second phalange is for intellect and a long third phalange is a mark of sensitiveness

Summary When a first phalange is long and the third phalange also of the thumb developed greatly, the subject will be endowed with great will-power, love, firmness and constancy A most developed second and third phalange of the thumb gives the subject the power of good reasoning but life will be one of constant struggle When the first and second phalanges are weak and the third well developed the subject will be inconsistent, changeable, with inability to keep a secret and also with a tendency to be melancholy and fickle When the thumb is short in comparison with other fingers then the subject certainly will lack decision But when the thumb tends to turn out backwards it indicates great generosity or extravagance on the part of the owner

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For Hand Readings of genuine value, send your palm prints to THE MIRACULOUS RESEARCH FOUNDATION, c/o 36 Egerton Drive, West Greenwich, London, S E 10

For an analysis of your basic personality outline and aptitudes, there is a reduced fee of 2 gns for GANDALF'S GARDEN readers Terms for full depth personality and life-path readings, or Personal Consultation– 5gns

HOW TO PREPARE YOUR PRINT Roller ink or paint on to your palm and fingers and press face down in a natural relaxed position on to white paper Gently roll each finger slightly from side to side to ensure a good print Do the same with both hands– Then press each thumb print separately beside each hand print, lifting the thumb off the paper by tipping it towards the edge of the thumbnail

Please include your year of birth, date and time

Communications

This is the first part of the beautiful working philosophy and ethics of the SELENE COMMUNITY of Rhydcymerau, Llandeilo, Sir Gaerfyrddin, Wales.

WHY INTENTIONAL COMMUNITY?

If civilisation is what we make it, then there is no need for intentional community for such would be civilisation But it isn't It is largely what others have made for us, and while it might have suited somebody at some time, and not necessarily those taking part in it, certainly doesn't suit all of us now, and if we're thinking in optimum terms, it doesn't really suit any of us particularly well There seems to be some factor in the biological equipment of human beings which enables most of them to adapt to any culture they happen to be born in, and so much so that they are fearful of alien cultures or attempts by individuals to reform well-established (but possibly now useless) mores. Nonconformism, it would appear, was feared long before man became man, and it might be argued that if it wasn't so, man as homo sapiens would never have emerged as a species, that fact happens to be useful (though only, of course, because we are homo sapiens). But the drive to conformity is still very much alive, it is still possible to have the wrong colour skin, wrong nationality, wrong religion or wrong views on cultural patterns Penalties for nonconformity might still be death as they were a millions years ago, but more often they are various forms of coercion designed consciously or unconsciously to blot out of being any threat to the smooth stagnation of the secure and glorious muddle of the present For major crimes of nonconformity the nonconformist can be shut away, while lesser threats can be destroyed by the colossus of mass ridicule

Civilisation in the mass is basically a dictatorship, autocratic in some cultures, and democratic in others, and in order to impose a particular culture on a great diversity of a great many people it must be so But we don't see our duty—or anybody else's—as the imposition of a cultural pattern on any unwilling recipients Large scale social reform is always unethical when it requires a minority to conform to a majority, and radical social reform, especially if experimental, will not gain mass acceptance If we must live in a macroculture, then we must be content with being manipulated by that culture, but if our views differ radically from contemporary collective prejudice or if we see life in terms of a different scale of values, then intentional community offers the only way in which we can put our ideas into practice, whether for experiment, or for experience, and in the company of like-minded people.

The Collective Heart-attack

We are gregarious animals, and even if we have worked out that civilisation has taken the wrong turning, we still need the assurance of somebody else turning their back on it when we turn ours, we need their company too For minor deviations like unconventional dress, beads and long hair, society is usually context to mock, and the break-aways are usually cohesive enough to mock back, and the fire of ergic goals is on their side But for major deviations, like nudity, society is in grave danger of suffering a collective heart attack and the lone nudist simply can't be tolerated in public, he is a danger to children, old ladies, and all good respectable citizens alike who are only used to seeing clothes hanging from faces—not real living bodies

But these are marginal aspects of a central problem and when the central problem itself asserts its claim, a far more fundamental movement takes place in which people are prepared to take

great risks and change their way of life radically They may have nothing to lose or they may have an inspiring vision but either way they are prepared to turn their backs on the established way of life and build a new culture The sentiment is usually religious; other sentiments rarely appear powerful enough, though there may be economic reinforcement The majority of the intentional communities of the U.S.A were basically religious though some shade off to sociological motivation Practically all these are now defunct though there are modern efforts in this direction The motivation behind the Israeli kibbutzim was essentially religious though with a very strong economic reinforcement and they have been highly successful in setting out to create a culture and doing so,an achievement which must be almost unique on such a scale Similar efforts are in progress in India deriving from the work of Gandhi and Vinoba Bhave There have been efforts in England with a religious basis (excluding monasteries) but more founded by pacifists during the war; all with the single exception of the Bruderhof, a religious community, have now perished

All these communities were departures from an established culture but generally tolerated by the parent culture in so far as they offered no threat to established thought patterns. Those that did reappraise accepted values, like the Oneida Community, met with opposition Where a group of people differ fundamentally from the culture in which they live, to the extent that their ideals would lead them into activity which is actually illegal, then they will form secret closed communities which through their isolation will have minimal contact with the parent culture and will therefore develop strong internal codes Such today are drug cultures and such in the past—and to a lesser extent the present—are the closed religious societies Modern drug subcultures are an example of radical innovations coming into conflict with established culture and underground The covens of the Old Religion are an example of an old culture being usurped by an oppressive new culture which drove the adherents of the old underground.

Creating A Subculture

The situation is today as it has always been. If we are minor deviationists, say we collect postage stamps, then a club will suffice or perhaps a learned society depending on the prestige value of our field of interest. But if we differ fundamentally in our ideals, hopes and sentiments from our parent culture then we must create a subculture in which we, the deviationists, are the normals. People are varied, so too should be our communities. In community, to be radical is not enough, for companionship there must be the basis of mental and emotional intercourse, and in community we must select our companions In intentional community we can—and this is important It is perhaps among the most important reasons for intentional community, the other important reason is that we have the means to build the culture that we want.

Before we turn our backs on mass culture let's take a hard look at it—at its injustices, stupidities, prejudices, and callousness We see societies based on accumulation of capital, competitive in the extreme, and depending for their maintenance on a vast number of underprivileged people who were losers in this competition—losers because they were born without capital, without superior powers of intellect or with congenital disadvantages which all contribute to condemn that person to a life of subservience We see societies pledged to distribute the wealth of the community equitably among its people, and we see in those very societies the ruthless suppression of individuality and the lack of any opportunity to express originality unless the individual is fortuitously favoured at birth by a superior mind or an ability to assert himself We see conflict between the white man and black, between the Muslim and Hindu, between the Christian and Buddhist. In a welfare society, we see the rejection of the sick, the old and the lonely, and over the whole world we see the most underprivileged of all, the nonhuman beings, savagely exploited by man because they haven't the means of objecting

At the individual level, glittering careers await those who, through no effort of their own, are born amongst wealth, and due to the self-generating nature of excess capital, are able to proceed with gathering momentum on a course of command of the underprivileged masses Caste and inherited capital are only two ways, often correlated, by which individuals fortuitously acquire rewards in excess of their efforts A third is intelligence which, although less effective than caste and its associated wealth, nevertheless in most cases ensures that its possessor is more favourably placed in society than those whose mental powers are close to the average

What of the masses who provide the labour and the mental stress around which this monolith we still call civilisation winds its stifling shackles? What say have they in the progress of the community or indeed in the organisation of their own lives? Who among herded humanity is fortunate enough to discover adventure and what mind is still free enough to see inspiration amongst the mass of mediocrity and subjugation of individuality?

Poverty And Plastic Grass

We have, sadly, reached that stage of evolution where few individuals are valued in themselves in such a way that they cannot be readily replaced It is too expensive to be unique The natural environment has been destroyed, and in its place we have a panorama of brick and tarmac interspersed with dreary parks and gardens that look more and more like plastic as grass gives way to lawn and our majestic oaks and elms give way to flowering inverted umbrellas Far from the places where Nature is still permitted to weave her sacred spell of verdant pasture, gold, white and green again with reassuring timelessness, man takes her gems for himself, distorts them until they become garish baubles and displays them in a hideous blaze of discordance in the tiny plot of ground he owns by courtesy of Messrs Building Profits Limited. These are the lucky ones, house-owning, or at least, within some 20 years of being in that fabulous position Others must accept the temporary loan of a council house because they are underpaid while others still can hope for nothing better than a dingy room or part of a room and a temperamental landlady What has life to offer for these millions of beings who provide the main part of the productive labour upon which the monolith rests? The average man with only average intelligence and average parents gets little encouragement or incentive to strive for higher things He enters school in a soulless industrial town and consciously or otherwise competes fiercely for what education is available, only to discover that his average abilities afford him only average opportunities and therefore approximately half of average pay He is doomed to a life of poverty or endless overtime or both, his energies sapped both physically and culturally He has a wife and usually two children to support, and can offer them nothing better than to keep their heads above water in the same endless rut, he can offer them no capital sum, he will not win the football pools and he could offer them nothing in any way spectacular in their genetic make-up He can only admit to his children that in the mad rat race they have been born to be losers His relaxation is conditioned by his lack of time, lack of drive and lack of education He turns to drink, mainly for company and escape, whereupon society shows its disapproval by heavy taxation, he smokes, again incurring the wrath of the treasury and a bonus in the way of cancer of the lungs and other diseases He sacrifices what remains of his life in mute supplication in the idiot's lantern until his thoughts are those of the tinsel God and his degenerate addicts, and lastly, in his mad frenzy, he drives his H P car in insatiable fury to the horizon—any horizon—to escape the drab monotony that was his death sentence at the moment of his birth

Progress towards communalism in society in general has been painfully slow, and towards anarchism slower still We are beset with troubles which we have neglected for far too long and which could be brought to an end in an ideal community There's the pace of modern living, ostensibly designed to give us more leisure. There's the ever present feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction. We feel we want to do something of real value, but there is nothing we can do, hands without power tools on the end of them have become almost redundant. We feel utterly inferior and impotent in the face of this social monolith We have no feeling of belonging, nobody but our own small family really values us. We live imprisoned in prejudice and in our own self-consciousness; we are beset with difficulties of family relationships, we have no real answer to the care of orphans and no provision for the loneliness and rejection of old age We have no adequate means of dealing with crimes of violence, and we have no answer to our fear of death, or depression, or the extreme grief we suffer on the death of a loved one—all these problems the society we live in.

In matters of purely private behaviour, Church, State and vulgar opinion unite to dictate arbitrary morals so that man is

Communications

longer able to enjoy and satisfy his fundamental ergic tensions d has to devise ersatz substitutes and play with shadows till his enthusiasm for life stultifies and all that could be enjoyable becomes a dreary chore and strangely, ominously, empty. A deadag sickness hangs over our culture, but it is not man that is sick and maladjusted to society. On the contrary, society is sick and maladjusted to man. The whole basis of our sentiments and ethics is alien to society generally and the sentiments and ethics of traditional society are alien to us. There is only one ethic—to experience and create contentment. All that increases happiness is good, while any act which causes sadness or frustration is immoral. It is obvious at once that our ethic is not that of society which is based on religious prejudice, tradition, capitalistic laws or ownership, competition and masochistic sexual taboos. These false ethics divide not only man from man, but divide an individual within himself so that while his very being—all that is alive in him—is crying out to enact a perpetual sacrament of pleasure, that which is dead in him—the unreasoned social code of prejudice—stultifies him. Crudely, there are prison bars to restrain the anarchist, more subtle is the oppressive burden of guilt heaped on to the infant almost from its first breath, and perpetually during its formative years. So subtle is this guilt and so insidious its process of suffocation, that few recognise it for what it is, and few indeed who can distinguish prejudice from conscience. We have only to take an example to illustrate our point.

To walk naked in the sunshine—wherever one wishes, to allow skin to assume its natural tan colour, perform throughout its natural function of Vitamin D synthesis, to allow the genitals their natural allocation of sunshine, to copulate in a natural environment—a grassy plain or ferny glen, or deep in the greenwood to the sound of a rippling brook with only the sky for a roof—instead of in stealth behind closed doors in an artificial contraption—all these are illegal though they create contentment. Not only are they illegal, but prejudice has usurped the place of conscience to declare them immoral so that nudity and sexual experience can no longer be a part of our normal social intercourse as gregarious animals. One cannot be adjusted both to a natural code of living and to the code of a suppressed and consequently prejudiced society. Maladjustment to one or the other is inevitable. Maladjustment to one's own natural yearnings —once they have emerged from near obliteration—is preposterous, and if one is thereby maladjusted to society, one can only create a more enlightened society. Such is intentional community.

Freedom For Humans And Nonhumans

We don't know the remedies for all the causes of stress that beset the world's inhabitants, we do believe that the answer can be found by experimenting with our social systems. We don't believe that the needs of all people are identical, we do believe that social systems should exist to accommodate any view no matter how novel—or if such a system does not exist, we believe the opportunity for its creation should be available. We believe in co-operation between all people and groups, even with those whose views and sentiments differ radically from our own. We don't believe in competition, for all competitions create losers and a loser is a condemnation of the society that created him.

It is time we asserted three basic freedoms as rights above any political consideration—freedom of body, of mind and of heart. By freedom of the body we mean freedom from capitalism or any form of restraint imposed from above, not only as referred to human beings, but equally as it applies to freedom of the nonhuman beings—that is freedom from any form of suffering imposed by nature or by man, where it is in man's power to create a more humane ecology. By freedom of the mind, we mean the right to express any opinion, and the equally important concomitant responsibility to consider any opinion, no matter how alien it might at first sight appear. By freedom of the heart, we mean the right of every individual to seek pleasure for himself and others as his highest aim without fear of restrictions or prejudices inspired by religious dogma or social pressure. Clearly, in our present traditional society, we are asking a lot, but in reality we are asking for nothing which is not already our birthright and the birthright of all sentient beings.

The second and concluding part of THE SELENE SCREED, featuring the more practical aspects of the Free Communities Movement, will appear in issue no. 4.

Stephen Ridgeway

THE MAGICK & SMOKE

Aleister Crowley Revisited

CROWLEY'S RAKISH PROGRESS IN THE WORLDS OF DRUGS AND SEX AND A DARKER SHADE OF WHITE MAGIC, EARNED HIM GREAT NOTORIETY IN THE YELLOW PRESS AND OUTRAGED PUBLIC EYE OF HIS TIME. HIS METHODS AND STUDIES TOWARDS ATTAINING "SUPER-CONSCIOUSNESS" FELL INTO DISREPUTE. BUT WERE HIS WORDS AND WRITINGS SO UNWISE? WAS HE MERELY A CHARLATAN, OR DID THE PARADOXICAL EXCESSES OF CROWLEY THE MAN, NOT REALLY DESERVE THE RELATIVE OBSCURITY AND NEGLECT OF THE LIFE-LONG WORK AND OBSERVATIONS OF CROWLEY THE MYSTIC?

"O MY SON, yester Eve came the Spirit upon me that I should eat the Grass of the Arabians," wrote Aleister Crowley pontifically (in *The Book of Wisdom or Folly*) concerning hashish around 1917-18 in New York City "And by Virtue of the Bewitchment thereof, beheld that which might be appointed for the Enlightenment of mine Eyes Now then of this may I not speak, seeing that it involveth the Mystery of the Transcending of Time, so that in One Hour of our Terrestrial Measure did I gather the Harvest of an Aeon, and in Ten Lives I could not declare it"

Thus opens the essay *Roll Away The Stone* by Dr Israel Regardie in issue number seven of the occult periodical PENTAGRAM, in which he gives a sympathetic re-appraisal of Crowley and his work Regardie, a 'straight" Upground doctor and perhaps the foremost living authority of "Crowleyanity" and magical occultism, uses Crowley's researches into drugs as a vehicle for assessing the value and purpose of psychedelic drugs from the mystical and pharmacological standpoint

He discovers among Crowley's neglected writings many combinations of wit and wisdom, insight and indelibly poignant remarks, which contrast strangely with the schizophrenic sexuo-masochistic mindworld of fantasy and perverse habits of Crowley the self-styled *Great Beast 666* Since there is a revival of interest in magic and sorcery at the present time, it is unfortunate that the scope of the essay allows Regardie scant reference to the Dark side of the Magus and concentrates on Crowley the White Although this does bring to light Crowley's virtually unheard of Spiritual Work, it creates an unbalanced picture of the Man

Crowley was born in Leamington, Warwickshire on 12th October, 1875, and educated at Cambridge, a strong poet and essayist, a masterful egocentric, paranoiac, rake, bisexual athlete, atheist, admirable mountaineer, traveller and occultist extraordinaire.

Even as a child his weird turn of mind was already apparent On learning that a cat had nine lives, he presumed that it was therefore virtually unkillable He wrote, in *The World's Tragedy*:

"I caught a cat, and having administered a large dose of arsenic, I chloroformed it, hanged it above the gas jet, stabbed it, cut its throat, smashed its skull, and, when it had been pretty thoroughly burnt, drowned it and threw it out of the window that the fall might remove the ninth life. The operation was successful I was genuinely sorry for the animal, I simply forced myself to carry out the experiment in the interests of pure science."

Eventually his own mother came to hate and fear him She felt that he was the Beast of Evil numbered 666, described in the *Book of Revelations*. He believed her, delighting in the notion Both his parents were Bible-thumping Plymouth Brethren, who believed in a literal interpretation of the "Good Book" No psychiatrist is needed to trace the cause of Crowley's adult sexual depravities to a reaction against the oppressive daily rantings of his father condemning "sinfulness and lusts of the flesh"

THE GOLDEN DAWN

After coming down from Cambridge, his early occult leanings led him into contact with a secret society called the *Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn*, which taught ritual magic from mediaeval Rosicrucian and Masonic origins The Order had attracted great numbers of people including many literary lights like William Butler Yeats, Algernon Blackwood, Arthur Machen, Bram Stoker and others Crowley joined at the age of 23 and made rapid progress through the stages of initiation, being already widely read in magical matters He came under the wing of MacGregor Mathers, a high grade Mason and the dictatorial Head of the Order, against whose authoritarianism the group eventually revolted and broke into two sections Crowley took a prominent part in the slanging and sided with Mathers against the group led by the poet Yeats, whose sensitive soul recoiled

Intrarealismo

from the rigidity of Mathers and the demoniacal character of Crowley

One of the most advanced adepts of the Golden Dawn was Allen Bennett, a virtually down and out wandering soul-student of esoteric teachings and philosophy Through his own awesome magnetism he became Crowley's Guru in the magical arts Bennett suffered from chronic asthma, a condition which also strangely developed in Crowley and his close friends in later years, and in taking various drugs to alleviate his condition, discovered the psychedelic properties of his medicines While living in Crowley's flat in Chancery Lane, Bennett turned him on to the enthusiastic study of pharmacology, resulting in his experiments with any substance which might bring on similar states of mystical consciousness to those experienced during his meditative and devotional practices

Bennett finally gave up the magical methods of the Golden Dawn, drugs, and the English climate, and left for the Far East In Ceylon he realised a lifelong dream by becoming a Buddhist, and under his new sacramental name of *Bhikku Ananda Metteya* did much to bring Thera Vada Buddhism to the West

WORLDWIDE WANDERLUST

A windfall on the death of relatives put money into Crowley's pocket and set his feet on the road, in emulation of his hero Sir Richard Burton, the eminent traveller and man of metaphysical letters

Wanderlust gripped Crowley and never let go For several years he travelled to the wild and weird places of the world, performing incredible climbing feats on the Scottish peaks, extinct volcanoes in Mexico, the Swiss Alps and 20,000 feet up in the High Himalayas on the borders of Tibet He crossed the deserts of North Africa with the bedouins and enjoyed physical relationships with the men, being impressed by their masculinity and virility He learned the use of exotic drugs from various *sheiks* together with profounder teachings than the homosexual experience In India he escaped a police net after shooting dead two robbers in the red light area of Calcutta, and with a wife and child fled to Yunnan, from where he made a four month trek by foot and pony along the borders of China, raving among the hills half out of his mind

When he later visited Bennett in Colombo, he found that they no longer had anything in common Bennett had found a true path, had thrown off all worldly desires and had discovered the secret of levitation Crowley was still revelling in the bedonistic life, the lusts of the flesh, the cult of the 'hard-knock" mountain conqueror, big-game hunter, hard drinker and drug eater The man of action Anything to quell for a while the constant flow of self doubt in his depths

AN ECSTATIC EXPERIENCE

Yet during his travels he had been studying Buddhist and Lamaistic Tantric teaching and through yogic concentration, experienced an exalted condition described in one of his least pretentious and most lucid works called *Part I of Book IV* on the yogic arts.

"All the poetic faculties and all the emotional faculties are thrown into a sort of ecstasy by an occurrence which overthrows the mind, and makes the rest of life seem absolutely worthless in comparison . we have had an experience which makes love, fame, rank, ambition, wealth, look like thirty cents, and we begin to wonder passionately, 'What is truth?' "

This was the question underlying the whole of Crowley's life and, when in possession of his faculties, he would not accept anything that he did not feel to be the genuine article In a later work, *Eight Lectures on Yoga*, rich in depth and subtle humour, he writes

"(1) There is more nonsense talked and written about Yoga than about anything else in the world Most of this nonsense, which is fostered by charlatans, is based upon the idea that there is something mysterious and Oriental about it There isn't Do not look to me for obelisks and odalesques, Rahat Loucoum, bul-buls, or any other tinsel imagery of the Yoga mongers I am neat but not gaudy There is nothing mysterious or Oriental about anything, as everybody knows who has spent a little time intelligently in the continents of Asia and Africa

"(2) All phenomena of which we are aware take place in our own minds, and therefore, the only thing we have to look at is the mind which is a more constant quantity over all the species of humanity than is generally supposed

"(3) We must then begin the study of Yoga by looking at the meaning of the word It means Union, from the same sanskrit root as the Greek word Zeugma, the Latin word Jugum and the English word yoke (Yeaug—to join)

"(4) Yoga means Union'

In his essay Regardie erroneously makes the statement that meditation is "*that psychological process which has concentration as its goal*" (italics mine) In fact, the reverse is true The "goal" is enlightenment or Union with the All, and the method by which it is attained is, a *preliminary concentration* towards creating a *stillness of mind*, which has *non-concentration* as its "goal"

THE WHITE BROTHERHOOD

Crowley's experience of Eastern Yoga coupled with his Golden Dawn studies formed the basis of his own Order known as the A.·.A.·. meaning the SILVER STAR He proved a harder task-master than Mathers and insisted that a student absorb three months selected reading matter before joining the Order, to ensure that he had a basic grounding in classical occult material Once this was done to Crowley's satisfaction, the Probationer was sworn in by Oath, as willing to spend the following year studying one of three paths, meditation, magic, or devotion, as suggested to him by his reading Each student was bound to keep a daily diary of his mental progress which was examined by Crowley at the end of the year If this was favourable, the student was advanced to the next grade of the Order If the writings showed a lack of mental balance, Crowley would then prescribe the necessary studies or practices which would restore his psychological equilibrium In certain cases, where a student showed promise and was intellectually aware of other dimensions, but was unable to grasp through "soul-sight" the realms to which his studies were taking him, Crowley might then prescribe a "hashish session" in order to awaken his inner eye

Hashish was then available on the open market, as were most of the known hallucinogenic drugs, and could be obtained from the nearest chemist without prescription But Crowley looked upon hashish merely as a pointer "I have no use for hashish save a preliminary demonstration that there exists another world attainable—somehow" He made it clear in his essay *The Psychology of Hashish*, written under the psuedonym Oliver

Haddo, the hero of Somerset Maugham's *The Magician*, that discipline and training in meditation and yoga are the major means of exploring the inner worlds of mind and spirit. Yet he was ever hopeful that "... if pharmacists were to concentrate their efforts upon producing a standard drug ... we might find a valuable and harmless adjuvant to the process which I have optimistically named Scientific Illuminism"

Unknown to Crowley, the pharmacists did in fact produce a drug called lysergic acid in 1938, and although he lived until 1947, he was never aware of its discovery

Scientific Illuminism was a hotch-potch of collective Crowley-anity published in his quarterly magazine *The Equinox*, along with the exposure of the secret teachings of the Golden Dawn By this device Crowley succeeded in his ambition of bringing Mathers to his knees for not recognising his superior knowledge and genius on his return to England It is said that Mathers died of grief, a broken man

In one editorial Crowley wrote "We perceive in the sensible world, Sorrow Ultimately that is we admit the Existence of a problem requiring Solution" Yet somehow there was always a discrepancy between the solution in his thought-life and the actions of his deed-life But he was not unaware of his own stumbling blocks and went on to say

"If any resolution there be of these two problems, the Vanity of Life and the Vanity of Thought, it must be in the attainment of a Consciousness which transcends both of them."

But whatever he did experience, it could never transcend his need for self-glorification In his writings he never passed up a chance to remark how overwhelmed people were to meet him And throughout his life he endowed himself with titles to which he felt due, such as Sir, Lord, Count and Prince His paranoia reached incredible proportions in his belief of the divinity of his own excreta, which he would proudly deposit about the houses of his hosts in strategic positions

"SEX-MAGIC"

His own home was the scene of collective paranoia He rented an "Abbey" near Cefalu in Sicily, where the Great White Brotherhood could practice ritual phallus worship and "sex-magic" orgies while high on drugs, invoking elemental spirits from "God" to the demon *Aiwass* Crowley's first wife Rose, had been "possessed" by the spirit *Aiwass* during a ceremony of "Magick" in a Cairo hotel room, and she had been the medium through which the *Liber Legis* or *Book of Law* was dictated Although Crowley wrote numerous commentaries on this work he never completely understood it and remained bound in awe to his Guardian Devil for the remainder of his days

A succession of Crowley's wives and "Scarlet Women" developed the power of mediumship after a period of close proximity to him Leah Faesi, his first consecrated Scarlet Woman, sat about the Abbey naked for days on end in an exalted trance state, after being ritually branded on the breast with the "Mark of the Beast" (a cross within a circle) with a red hot chinese dagger

Behind locked doors the Brothers and Sisters of the Order euphemistically "performed" the *Orgia*, during which sacrificial offerings were made to the various gods and demons Cockerels were beheaded, frogs crucified, and cats and goats had their throats cut over the naked bodies of the Scarlet Women

Spurred on by his success in demon-raising, Crowley's ego prompted him to challenge powerful spirit entities to "mind duels" which all but destroyed his reason In *The Lord of The Rings* by Tolkien, the One Ring of power exerted a subtle influence over its innocent wearer, opening inner doors to eventual possession and control by dark forces The lure of occult powers was Crowley's ring, and through drugs he opened himself to the entry of demoniac forces Yet until near the end he always thought himself in control

'I am myself a physical coward, but I have exposed myself to every form of disease, accident, and violence, I am dainty and delicate, but I have driven myself to delight in dirty and disgusting debauches, and to devour human excrement and human flesh I am at this moment defying the power of drugs to disturb my destiny and divert my body from its duty I am also a mental and moral weakling, whose boyhood was so horrible that its result was that my will wholly summed up in hatred of all restraint, whose early manhood, untrained, left my mind an animal soul like an elephant in rut broken out of the stockade Yet I have mastered every mode of my mind, and made myself a morality more severe than any other in the world, if only by the virtue of its absolute freedom from any code of conduct'

He felt that by annihilation of every finer quality within him by abasement and degradation, he emptied his body of ego, and offered the dregs of his being in supplication His sexuo-mystical ecstasies had brought him into states of holy com-munion—but with whom, God or Satan, he was never quite certain And as long as the intoxication was on him he cared little, for ecstasy was the "Key to Reality" "Religious ecstasy is necessary to man's soul Where this is attained by mystical practices, directly, as it should be, people need no substitutes"

THE SOUL OF A SARUMAN

But alas the substitutes eventually came to replace the real thing and Crowley resigned himself to his drugs, "fixing" up to eleven whole grains of heroin daily, together with doses of cocaine, smoking opium the while and drinking alcohol on top of it No longer did he believe in curing himself by the power of his will His will no longer existed

He became the listless shell of his former self Towards the end with his needle and bottle as sole bedmates, suffering from insomnia, boredom and self-deprecation, he wrote like the repen tant Toad "All my careless folly What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?"

Throughout his life, identification and preoccupation with the body had been one of Crowley's major hang-ups, and a causal factor in keeping him earthbound For he had delved many dimensions in spite of his failings Had he understood in his transcendental states that Man is a Soul and wears his body like a cloak, until it falls away, he might have become the enlightened sage of the age Or a Gandalf among the wizard-wise But the power of the Ring was on him and, lost in the blind-alleys of occultism, Crowley the Once White succumbed to the soul of a Saruman

PENTAGRAM No 7 containing Dr Regardie's *Roll Away the Stone*, can be obtained from Editor Gerard Noel, 68 Grove End Gardens, London, N W 8 Price 5/- (post free)

Since the *Underground Press Syndicate* has proved a valuable mutual aid system in America, and the *European UPS* is now healthily evolving this side of the water, we felt that this form of co-operative could and should be opened up freely to all comers on an *Overground* scale, that is, involving *Underground, Upground* and *Overground*, for a greater flow of communication between all peoples everywhere, in order that a world turn-on to young New Age thought might be more readily effected

Seeking ways to open it up we encountered the usual problems which have always cropped up with such projects in the past, such as the never-ending demands on the spare time of the individuals who run it, since their livelihood naturally has to come first, the administrative hassles, the difficulty and pique of many small magazines at having to pay membership fees to be in on it, etc

The Stateside *UPS* folded once, through either the pressures of work, personal hang-ups, or the plain unreliability of the too few who were handling it Fortunately globe-trotting John Wilcox (Underground-Upground writer) managed to resuscitate it once more and also instigated the *EUPS* over here But such things should not be left to chance How, we wondered, could it be worked so that such a valuable scheme need not be in the precarious position of having to rely on anyone in a fluid community to keep it going?

So in trying to find a way to avoid these pitfalls we have come up with a new free-form syndicate called COSMIC, which needs no one to run it and will continue for as long as there are participants Things which evolve according to Cosmic principles need no other guidance than that which is enjoyed by all creation COSMIC means the *Cosmic Overground Syndicated Magazine Interchange Co-operative*

COSMIC is a loosely-woven, worldwide fabric of small magazines and newspapers existing to facilitate co-operation between any UNDERGROUND (Radical & Non-commercial), UPGROUND (Normal channel media), or OVERGROUND (Celestially orientated & Aspirational) magazines and media, for the promotion of the Alternative Society and the Awakening of True Coosciousness in Planetary Man

COSMIC has no Authoritarian Committee or organising body, and therefore no membership fees to be paid to anyone.

Each magazine or paper which wishes to participate, should send a free subscription of its own publication to as many others on the COSMIC CIRCUIT as possible, or to any other outside party they feel would benefit from the exchange

Each would be prepared (when possible) to exchange advertising space on a reciprocal "SAME-SIZE AREA" basis, irrespective of their advertising rates, in the spirit of co-operation for a New World

Each would allow the other publications to reprint articles, and (where possible) photos/artwork etc, thus enabling their ideas to penetrate other sections of the public which may not normally be reached, providing that the copyright is not specifically owned by the author of the work. In such a case, the editor will do all he can to secure reprint permission for the requesting party on the COSMIC CIRCUIT

Any ideas for the furtherance of COSMIC should be sent to all participants by the originator and adapted or adopted by the group

Each publication utilising the service bears the legend

THIS PUBLICATION IS A PARTICIPANT IN "COSMIC"

and will list the above amenities and the other participants whenever space allows List follows of first co-operating participants to answer the circular

2nd AEON (Peter Finch Ed.)
3 Maplewood Court, Maplewood Ave, Llandaff North, Cardiff, CF4 2NB, Wales
Contemporary poetry and essays.

PEACE NEWS (Roger Barnard Ed.)
5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1
Politics, protest, man's inhumanity to man, proposals for peace

NOW (FIREBRAND PUBLICATION) (Dave Stringer Ed.)
14 Tib Lane, Manchester 2.
Poetry, comment, Northern Underground news

PHOENIX (Leopold Reif Ed.)
Berlin 46, Strasse 71 NR3, Germany
English-German Poetry Illustrated

RESURGENCE (John Papworth Ed.)
24 Abercorn Place, St John's Wood, London, N W 8.
Astute political-social comment Non-violence etc

RESISTANCE (Peter Neville Ed.)
c/o Birmingham Peace Action Centre, Factory Road, Birmingham 23, Warks.
Protest, comment, politics, freedom, radical

THE REAL FREE PRESS ILLUSTRATED
(Rolaf Stoop Ed.)
Wolstraat, 41, Antwerpen, Belgium
Belgian Underground paper.

HAPT (Ken Loynes Unifier)
144 Thrupp Lane, Thrupp, Stroud, Gloucestershire
Free Digger magazine Forthright, open comment on Scene and Society.

Send to GANDALF'S GARDEN in the first instance, for growing list of participants, and from then on, the expansion is up to you Mark letters "COSMIC" and include brief one or two-line definition of your publication Gandalf's Garden, 1 Dartrey Terrace, Off King's Road, World's End, Chelsea, London, S W 10

REVIEWS

TOLKIEN IS HOBBIT FORMING

[illegible] *from Bree* is that at last Allen & Unwin have [illegible] on THE LORD OF THE RINGS in paperback! This [illegible] three volume mythological epic has been condensed into [illegible] book in pleasing typeface and readable size, [illegible] the work of shedding. It is priced at 30s which seems [illegible] but is probably well worth it for the joy within [illegible] reach of such a volume. There can be no hold the map of [illegible] the detailed illustrations of each area are scattered [illegible] the story needed.

[illegible] languages [illegible] Arrow and Arwen the [illegible] gleaming emblem.

[illegible] Princess [illegible] numerous have [illegible] the author of "Hans [illegible] the time he is up with [illegible] Tolkien's [illegible] about

[illegible] this perfect book for creating [illegible] Both reassuring and gripping in [illegible] held the reader spellbound in [illegible] hardback [illegible]

Gandalf's Gardener

[illegible] YARDSTICK

[illegible] Man by H W [illegible] aiming high for the [illegible] himself and [illegible] Since science seems [illegible] moving [illegible] and the [illegible] very man to [illegible] research [illegible] and [illegible] in our [illegible] mind [illegible] stimulated [illegible] mentally the quest [illegible] view [illegible] questions are [illegible] about Prof [illegible] *possibly* [illegible] *the* man *be* [illegible] Mr [illegible] wonder [illegible] with [illegible] plates in [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Young people [illegible] a strong sense of rebellion arise within them. No longer will they be told what to do. The gentle [illegible] of the Happy Movement [illegible] what is due to the [illegible] and spiritual dimension [illegible] swing in the right direction in the face of [illegible] mind-suppressing drug of the [illegible] and their [illegible] of [illegible] pressure of advertising, education, [illegible] and other [illegible]

When stress [illegible] new energy [illegible] the individual. It is [illegible] that energy [illegible] the roof of tress. And that man in seeking God is [illegible] himself by relieving [illegible] and tensions. The more [illegible] man understands about himself his world [illegible] capacities, the more beautiful and happy will be his life.

The Future of Man explores many avenues of understanding and brings to our notice in a way out thought provoking mind-food on such diverse yet well integrated subjects as Ufo, dowsing phenomena, Jesus extrasensory perception, the failure of the Church, physic radiations magnetism forced farming organ transplants, force-fields and nuclear energy, mind nature man and the unconscious [illegible] and weds them all together into a proposed new field of study—*Social Dynamics*.

The book, says Heason [illegible] is not the slightest use to a man who is unable to *live up to himself*. It involves a psychological exercise in which the reader must participate. And a beneficial exercise it is too for this evening in to the thoughts of a New Age. (Price 30s. Regency Press.)

A. R. March

A CHILD'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED by Maud Kennedy. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Routledge & Kegan Paul. London. 12s 6d. A useful [illegible] for [illegible] evening, children's questions such as "Where did the [illegible] World begin? Do [illegible] from the seeds of [illegible]

PYRAMIDOLOGY AND THE STONE BIBLES

"Pyramidology [illegible] science which [illegible] rubbishes and unlike [illegible] religion, [illegible] of the two. When the Pyramid is understood [illegible] totally valid, false [illegible] and [illegible] scientific [illegible] will be [illegible] to be humanity's.

So writes Adam Rutherford [illegible] of the two bible volumes [illegible] from his *Testament of Pyramidology* on the [illegible] pyramid. It will take about a [illegible] to read. [illegible] the Great Pyramid [illegible] function [illegible] rumours mount up [illegible] merely symbols but the [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] and modified [illegible] of the whole [illegible] to Bibles [illegible] regarding [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] woman, [illegible] Adam Rutherford

REVIEWS contd

It may alarm many who tend to hug their Bibles too closely to the exclusion of all other sources, to discover that the Great Pyramid of Giza, largest of the 80 known pyramids in Egypt, built 2,600 years before the advent of Christ, ". . . reveals the exact day of His birth and precise place where He would be born as well as the conditions of His birth. This work" (Pyramidology, Book II) "shows . . . how the Pyramid foretold the exact time of His baptism, death and resurrection." It also ". . . displays the Christian religion upon a scientific basis in response to the scientific appeal of our age . . ." and ". . . reveals in a wonderful way the origin, the course through the ages and the destiny of mankind."

Rutherford admirably admonishes the doubtful and shuttered minds to read with openness, in accordance with the Bible itself, "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him"—Proverbs 18:13.

For those who would fain readeth more, pray scribe in goodly haste unto THE INSTITUTE OF PYRAMIDOLOGY, 31 Station Road, Harpenden, Hertfordshire, England.

"A BIG HAT OR WHAT?"

"A Big Hat Or What", published by the Kevin Press at 17 Cathcart Place, Edinburgh is a new collection of verses by Pete Morgan. He has long deserved a more complete presentation than occasional publication in the "little magazines" can give, and (pending the interest of larger publishing houses) this little booklet of 20 poems does something to fill the gap. The quality that probably most distinguishes Pete from his contemporaries is an ability to combine a subject matter very near to the nonsense verse of Edward Lear:

> The grinning king got parlourbound
> through eating too much honey.

with a seriousness of purpose and incantatory power far removed from this:

> Goodbye to the horse
> to the woman
> and stallion.
> Farewell to my cock-horse
> and loving as well.

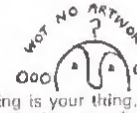
In common with many of the young "modernist" writers, he much prefers telling a story to straightforward meditation; each poem progresses from an often quite casual beginning through an investigation of character or plot, and very rarely fails to achieve its decisive or startling ending. In many ways his poems remind me of the work of Bernard Kops, in which a trivial metre (plus apparently "throwaway" observation) is made to express deep feeling, merely because of the juxtaposition of exceptionally clear-cut images that the lines contain. If I have one real complaint, it is about the size of the collection: for 5/- 31 pages in a paper cover seems rather expensive. Though good layout and a pleasing typeface probably compensate for this.

All in all, I recommend you buy this collection; the final justification of the young moderns will be in what they can reach us:

> I have no argument
> with the man who beats me at the chase.
> I've had my furies, there's too much Mother in me—
> good and noble—she has taught me how to lose too well.

Robert Lowe

THE QUEST FOR ARTHUR'S BRITAIN by Geoffrey Ashe is now available. (Pall Mall Press.)



PSST!

If grooving on graphics and lettering is your thing, and you have the time and love to spare, daytime, evening, or weekends, then GANDALF'S GARDEN needs you! Also a hip and quick ad designer, and those who would chase space especially welcome.

A MESSAGE FROM A FIRE-WATCHER'S TOWER, IN THE ISOLATION OF A FOREST IN THE CANADIAN ARCTIC.

Dear Muz,

It's good to know that the vibrations are catching, even without reading the magazine. I can feel it up here. One by one people are coming alive. I look out from my tower and there is only endless forest and endless sky, but within I feel the *spirit* of heaven and earth, changing and warming.

But it is only just the very beginning. It's the natives in the more isolated parts of the world, like northern Ontario, who will benefit only eventually. The sad orphan Indian, the halfbreed, the lumberjack, the miner. Here in the great forests the people are sombre and weary. They kill bears and get drunk. On my shortwave transceiver I hear their voices crackle and joke, but, joyless, as if they've got the burden of 2,000 year's mistakes, or as if the mythic Thunderbird is hung round their necks. That they laugh at all, is good. *Always* hope. Perhaps Godot *will* come.

An Indian is a man of few words, he doesn't say please and he doesn't say thank you, he moves around deliberately and silently, and he can smell grouse at 150 yds. But Antoine was only part-Indian and quite stoned, during the summer he painted up in his tower. He was asking if I'd gone to high school. Yeah, that far I got. He nodded slowly,

—You're an educated person, you can speak.

Me, I'm wild, a wild man, what do you say?

—A man of nature?

—All right, a man from nature, from the backwoods.

I don't know how to speak well, but you, you can speak.

Speak for us.

That's what it's all about, Muz. We must understand the aboriginal depths of ourselves, and speak, speak of the tribesman's forgotten wisdom and learn to move in the love they once could take for granted.

Some nice things have been happening since I set up my shrineroom. The animals come freely to my clearing. A family of grouse peruse the trail in front of my cabin every day. I've had visits from big black bears, a fox, 2 cow moose and innumerable varieties of birds: blue-birds, grosbeaks, etc. My window looks out on a small lake which the beaver ply. I even found a colony of ants had established a nest under my meditation seat.

If my love is good and concentration firm, even the mosquitoes don't bite during my meditation: they may hum around and even land on my skin, but they fly right off again.

May Gandalf's efforts be blessed.

Yours in the Dharma,

RAB WILKIE

Cunningham Tower, Canada.

Dear Hobbits,

In your second issue you published a slating condemnation of Billy Graham and his methods of evangelism which not only contained much misplaced criticism but also seemed surprisingly superficial.

Your major criticism seems to be of "hard sell religion" and the "commercially-orientated Crusade", and you appear to see Billy Graham as something of a smooth-talking businessman, prepared to use every trick in the book to sell his product. Throughout the article you attribute the lowest motives to his actions, *"(Excuse the interjection, but you must have missed the bit about his 'apparent evangelistic sincerity, in that his mission of turning people on to God is greater than his ego'. Ed.)"* trying to assert his psychological manipulation of the crowd and likening him to a "crafty theatrical agent". You say: "The Stage Direction is faultless . . . (he) expertly creates an undercurrent of agitation and impatience . . . this gay, ebullient, evangelical guru is quick to exploit the situation so carefully contrived." This must be bordering on libel, and is without foundation in fact *"(Did you not go to any meetings then? Ed.)* "There is much in Graham's style of presentation that I find distasteful, but are you not going beyond the bounds in intelligent criticism by casting aspersions on his personal integrity? *"(This has nothing to do with integrity, but sheer craftsmanship. Coming from a theatrical background, I was most impressed by the brilliance of the technique of presentation of the whole show. Ed)"* In particular I dislike his appeals for money, but you are certainly on the wrong track if you think he suggests that the more one gives, the better are one's chances in the afterlife. *"(I must be on the wrong track. Ed.)"* The need for large sums of money—and thus the requests for some relief of this need—is inherent in large-scale

organised evangelism. *"(True. There should not be any large-scale organised evangelism.)"* The Billy Graham Association only just manages to keep out of the red each year, and this is not because Graham or any of his team of helpers are amassing fortunes for themselves. *"(No indeed. I must say in all fairness that the B.G.E.A. does spend a large percentage of its income on advertising and literature written by B.G. and others, to send to those who write in.)"* As I said, I dislike public appeals for money like this, but I can hardly see it as a "disgusting display of amorality". *"(Please don't twist the meaning. It was the subtle inference of Salvation for donations, apparent on each of the nights I attended, which I felt to be 'amoral'.)"*

Incidentally, what factual foundation is there for the statement that an enquirer is spoken to by a "Counsellor" "if you looked wealthy enough to have deserved one"? *"(Simple observation. Young priests picked on likely customers—nearly always tired looking businessmen or well-dressed ladies—and then sent, one at a time, a 'Counsellor' from a waiting row of them, to that specially chosen person. Why?)"* Or that claques are used to encourage people to go forward when the appeal is made at the end? *"(I met someone who professed to have been one, because most people are too shy to start the ball rolling and need the encouragement', which is fair enough.)"*

His words, you say, "were none that could touch the heart, let alone cure the soul". If they could not touch the heart, how can you accuse him of working up emotion in the crowd? *"(Fear begins in the gut.)"* They could not cure the soul? Dead right. It is only God who can cure a soul. As Graham says, "My job is to proclaim the message. It's the Holy Spirit's job to do the work."

You go on to complain that his message was "aimed below the belt at the weak, the meek, the helpless and the emotionally bankrupt", and earlier, "He certainly aimed nothing at the intellect." Whoever you considered his message might appeal to, you clearly have no knowledge of what types do in fact respond. I have met many well-balanced, emotionally stable, intelligent and self-confident people who tell how they met God and experienced spiritual regeneration at, or as a result of, one of Billy Graham's rallies. If they did indeed come into the categories you mentioned before these experiences, how can you condemn the message which brought about such a great change? *"(Fear those it really did help. I cry hallelujah! But I still think it's trite to claim Salvation for those who 'get up out of their seats', since I have met not a few simple and disillusioned souls who got up expecting transformations overnight, and were instead buttonholed ever after by a boring local twit.)"* Again this is a false picture. Graham and his team realise that ten minutes talk with a counsellor is hardly sufficient to last a life-time, and so they are all put in touch with a church in their neighbourhood . . . that will take a real interest in the person concerned and help him to take the first hesitant steps of a new life.

Obviously, such a system is not 100% successful. Possibly the majority of the people that went forward at a Crusade meeting take little or no further interest; but then, read the parable that Christ told about the farmer sowing his seed.

At the beginning of the article you complain that "How to receive Christ was not forthcoming." Surely you realise that such a step is utterly personal, and is not something that can be adequately entered into with a congregation of around 15,000? As one who has experienced life with and without Christ, Billy Graham is in a fair position to say which he has found best. Therefore he asks the listener to consider his own position before God, and to discuss it further with committed Christians.

You can criticise Billy Graham as a man,*"(which I don't)"* and you can criticise the methods he employs; *"(which I do)"* but I for one can vouch for the validity and lasting strength of the message he preaches. Is it nothing to you that Christ was crucified? *"(Why did I write the article I wondered?)"*

Yours & c.,

TONY HUDSON

91 Bramble Road, Hatfield, Herts.

Please forgive the editing and interception of some of this letter, not because of anything unanswerable, but partly for reasons of space and partly because in its entirety the whole thing is a bit of a drag. But congrats on your fine toothcomb. Love, Ed.

Dear Friends,

Nice to see that God's got his eye on Billy Graham, but you were much too kind to what is, after all, one of the most despicable of all phenomena . . . the mass con of desperate seekers after truth.

When Billy was here last, a number of us from the radical Christian movement called CHURCH tried to intervene in his Crusade and expose at least some of his false prophesying. Would you like to know what happened?

On the evening of the first day we tried to visit him at his hotel but the Big Ear had turned the cops on to us, and we were told that on no account was Billy to be embarrassed, approached or even looked at. Thinking how like the Lord he was, we went on down to Earls Court, saw the show and I went forward to be saved. In the pens backstage I was sat opposite a sad little man who I'm sure didn't deserve me, and who surely wasn't the sum total of the evening's divine guidance. After his set piece (Salvation in a Nut Shell) I threw Vietnam at him and asked him why Billy was rooting for an American victory if he dug Jesus so much. He told me a shocking story about how he had once been a pacifist until he let the Lord Jesus into his heart, a theological position I had not encountered before, I must say! Subsequent attempts by the counsellor to consolidate my conversion proved to be pretty disastrous and since he didn't seem to be getting any happier I terminated the encounter.

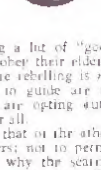
We leafleted, picketed and argued with people afterwards but it was clear that the dirty work was going on *inside*. Earls Court, as we went along one evening with posters under our coats and when the Man said "get up outa your seat," we did. We stood and turned around, holding high pictures and posters of Vietnam, which brought the heavies scurrying to carry us out. The interesting point is this. We found from the returns published later by the Billy Graham offices, that on the night of our disturbance, the number of saved souls fell dreadfully. Now since they claim that it is not Billy, not the sweet music, not the hushed thousands that "converts" people, but the movement of the Holy Spirit, then it seems our few people have power to thwart the spirit. Or could it just be that we screwed up a con-man's atmosphere?

We have plenty to tell you about the Bishops too, but that can wait!

Y.I.P.

VIV BROUGHTON

7 Tyndale Terrace, Islington, London, N.1.



Dear Muz,

Young people are getting a lot of "good advice" from their elders today. If young people did obey their elders, then no possible change in society could take place. The rebelling is *necessary*, if a better world is to arise. Those who seek to guide are those who have produced a society from which many are opting out. As the first stage to the creation of a better world for all.

All the telling to do this that or the other, is an attempt to *condition* you, to make you like others; not to permit you the essential freedom being sought. And that is why the search must now be the greatest adventure man has ever undertaken. WITHIN HIMSELF. Your answers lie *within*, not in the outer world.

You are showing a new *courage;* because it is this search within which men have sought to avoid in the past. Your elders in fact have sought to escape *from* themselves, still do. That is why the world is in such a mess today. And why in the U.S.A., for instance, the largest incidence of suicides is among *psychiatrists*—those people who set themselves up as understanding all about the inner man. Obviously they do not really understand *themselves*, or they would find that life is indeed such a glorious adventure as to be worth living to the full. Your way is hard because it is a complete departure from old policies. Yet is the only possible way man shall be saved from *himself*, the way he gets into such a panic as sometimes even to threaten the world with nuclear destruction. There was the case of one man whose example has been a source of inspiration for many, yet whose message has been distorted by the Church. Jesus of Nazareth, who sought within for his answers, and refused to accept any of the "good advice" that came from others in the outside world. And Jesus showed a courage absent that of other men around, who in turn sought to escape from their true selves. Make excuses for their behaviour rather than boldly facing up to the real truth. As we see in the case of politicians, still evading the real issues in life. And Jesus was a man, just like any one of us.

Don't be put off by all the "good advice" being offered to you. That is only the way others are seeking to condition or inhibit you again. Stand up and demand your freedom. From a decadent society that we all hope you will leave behind for ever as the immediate years roll by. It is not you really who are "opting out", but you who are taking on a brand new responsibility for the future state of man. Don't let your elders get away with their own excuses. All your elders are doing is seeking an easement *for their own* anxiety, not really considering the future at all. They are taking the *easy* way out.

H. W. HEASON, Eldrr

See Seeking the Yardstick, page 31

Stick this up on the wall in your local Ministry of Things.

GANDALF'S GARDEN
MEMO TO THE MINISTRY
MACHINERIES

"It is not their concern with material progress that prevents men from having lofty thoughts and meditating on things of the spirit; it is the inhuman labour to which the majority of men are subjected that deprives them of the strength to think or even to be conscious of their life, that is to say, of God."

JAURES

BREAKING GROUND

GENERALLY EACH SOCIETY, ADEPT AND FASCINATING IN ITS OWN FIELD, IS RARELY HEARD OF OUTSIDE ITS OWN GROUP, AND IS NEVER PUBLICISED BUT IN ITS OWN JOURNALS. BREAKING GROUND IS AN OPEN INVITATION TO ALL GROUPS WHO ARE OPEN ENOUGH TO TRANSCEND THE GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS IN A GENUINE DESIRE FOR ADVANCEMENT OF MAN AND WORLD UNITY OF PEOPLES, THROUGH THEIR STUDIES OF MAN AND PHENOMENON, AND THE SPECIALISED KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE TO IMPART TOWARDS UNIVERSAL AND SELF UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS A FREE SERVICE.

Sunday 1st December

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: World Problems Today by L. H. Leslie-Smith. 7.00 p.m.

Monday 2nd December

AETHERIUS SOCIETY: Metaphysical Teachings and Missions of the Society. *Every Monday.* 7.30 pm.

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Seance Group (six only) taken by Mrs. Jessie Mason. (Write in.)

Tuesday 3rd December

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Meditation and Prayer. (PAD 4400.)

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Lecture by Andrew MacKenzie (author of *The Unexplained*). 7.00 p.m.

CENTRE HOUSE: YOGA CLASS. Tuition by Penelope Nield-Smith. Hatha Yoga. *Every Tuesday.* (Single lessons 5/-.)

Wednesday 4th December

BUDDHAPADIPA TEMPLE: Buddhism in the Age of Science and Spirituality. 7.00 p.m. Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. (Free.)

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: At Home—for Members and Friends.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: H. P. Blavatsky. Talk by Rex Dutta. 7.00 p.m.

Thursday 5th December

AETHERIUS SOCIETY: Metaphysical Teachings and Missions of the Society. *Every Thursday,* 7.30 p.m.

CENTRE HOUSE: Cosmic Energies & Self-Mastery. 7.30 p.m. (Free.)

SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP (Yogananda). Meeting & Meditation. *Every Thursday.* 7.15 p.m. (Free.)

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Demonstration of Psychometry by R. D. Dequet. 7.00 p.m.

Friday 6th December

THE MIRACULOUS RESEARCH FOUNDATION: Discover Your Inner Worlds. Open discussion. Every Friday. 7.45 p.m. (Phone Gandalf's Garden for place.)

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER: The Future of Tibetan Buddhism. Talk by Ven. Sthavira Sangharakshita. 7.30 p.m. (5/-.) CENTRE HOUSE.

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Séance Group. (Six sitters only.) Write in.

Saturday 7th December

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE AND LONDON MOSQUE: Battle of Badr 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHAPADIPA TEMPLE: Teachings of the Buddha. 5.30 p.m. *Every Saturday.*

Sunday 8th December

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Life of Madame Blavatsky, by Mrs. A. Sydenham. 7.00 p.m.

Tuesday 10th December

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Lecture by Douglas Johnson. 7.00 p.m.

Wednesday 11th December

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Clairvoyance demonstration by Miss Burnett-Smith. 3 p.m.

Thursday 12th December

CENTRE HOUSE: The Conquering of Time by Christopher Hills. *Every Thursday.* 7.30 p.m. (Free.)

Friday 13th December

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Performance of Eurythmy. 7.30 p.m. (Adults 7/6, Children 3/6.) Advance Tickets Phone: 723 9514.

Saturday 14th December

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE: Conquest of Mecca. 6.30 p.m.

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Christmas performance of Eurythmy. 5.00 p.m. Tickets (as Friday).

Monday 16th December

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE: Night of Power/or Revelation of the Koran. 6.30 p.m.

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Séance Group (six only) by Mrs. Dora Lindsay.

Wednesday 18th December

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Séance Group (six only) by Colin Baldwin.

Thursday 19th December

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE: Demonstration of Clairvoyance by Dora Lindsay. 7.00 p.m. (Members 2/-, Non-members 3/-.)

Saturday 21st December

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE: Festival of Ramadan Celebrations. 11 a.m.

Sunday 12th January

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Medicine & Humanity. Dr. Jane Shepherd.

Wednesday 15th January

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: New Open Meetings for discussion on Theosophical subjects. *Every Wednesday.* 7.00 p.m.

Sunday 19th January

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER: New Year Reception. 4.00 p.m. At Centre House

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Our Likenesses & Differences by Dr. R. N. Bhaskar.

Friday 24th January

F.O.W. BUDDHIST ORDER: The Bodhisattva Ideal. Talk by Ven. Sthavira Sangharakshita. 6.45 p.m.

Saturday 25th January

THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY: Swedenborg's London. Talk by Rev. Dennis Buckworth, with slides. 4.00 p.m. Tea. Swedenborg Hall. (Free.)

Sunday 26th January

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY: Sons of God by Mrs. M. Leslie-Smith. 7.00 p.m.

THE COLLEGE FOR PSYCHIC SCIENCE runs Meditation Groups for beginners. (Not for psychic development.) For details write c/o Sec. Ruby Yeatman. Also Esoteric Healing—by Miss Christa Wildhagen. Patients treated Friday evenings 6-9 p.m., by appointment only.

THE KRISHNA CONSCIOUSNESS GROUP meets for chanting at the Arts Lab. Drury Lane, London, at 7.00 p.m. every Wed. and Fri.

To ensure regular coverage of their programmes, groups and societies are requested to place us on their mailing lists.

ADDRESSES

AETHERIUS SOCIETY, 757, Fulham Road, London. S.W.6. (REN 4187)

ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, RUDOLF STEINER HOUSE, 35, Park Road, London. N.W.1. (PAD 4400)

CENTRE HOUSE, 10a Airlie Gardens, Kensington, London. W.8. (PAR 3865)

COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE, 16 Queensbury Place, London, S.W.7. (KEN 3292.)

COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF BUDDHISM, BUDDHAPADIPA TEMPLE, 99, Christchurch Road, East Sheen, London. S.W.14

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FRIENDS OF TRUTH, Sec. Ruth Richardson, 52 Green Meadow Road, Birmingham 29, Warks.

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER, Sakura, 14, Monmouth St, London. W.1.

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE & LONDON MOSQUE, 146 Park Road, London, N.W.8. (723 7611.) Free Arabic Classes for Beginners and Advanced Students. Weds. & Sats.: 6.30-8.00 p.m. (Phone: 727 7613.)

THE MIRACULOUS RESEARCH FOUNDATION (& CH'I CLINIC), c/o Sec., Elkan House, 36 Egerton Drive, West Greenwich, London, S.E.10. (692 4145 or FLA 6156.)

SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP, Mrs. G. White (Sec.), 33, Warrington Crescent, London. N.W.8

SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF GT BRITAIN, 33 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1. (BEL 3351.)

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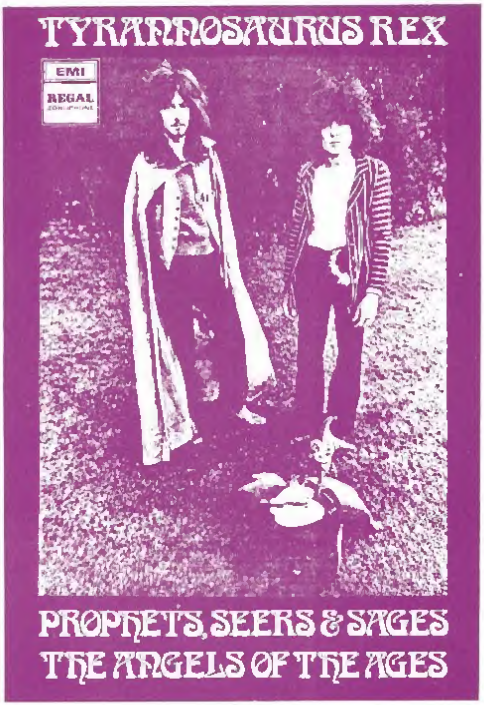

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